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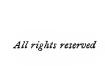


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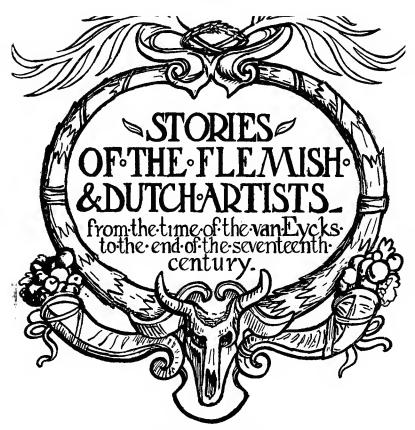
THE ART AND LETTERS LIBRARY

STORIES OF THE FLEMISH AND DUTCH ARTISTS





PORTRAIT OF JEAN ARNOLFINI
(After the painting by Jan van Eyek, now in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin)



•SELECTED•AND•
•ARRANGED•BY•
VICTOR•REYNOLDS.

·LONDON· CHATTO·&·WINDUS, DUFFIELD·&·C? ·NEW·YORK• ·MCMVIII· The binding of this volume is adapted from the fine original, dated Leyden, 1557.

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Sage

The title, on reverse of this page, is after the original design made by Rubens for Plantin.

PREFACE

In arranging the following stories of the Flemish and Dutch artists, the aim has been to tell the lives of the artists as far as possible in the words of the original historians of the two schools. These early writers, like Karel van Mander and Campo Weyerman, are no doubt full of inaccuracies and doubtful anecdotes, but their accounts, like those of Vasari, possess a racy charm and quaint directness that, combined, present to us a picture of contemporary life more vivid than any which later writers have been able to compass. The present writer, it need hardly be said, makes no guarantee of the truth of many of the anecdotes related in the following pages. These have been collected, just as they are, from the pages of their original writers.

It may be noted that several well-known names are absent from the present volume, and it must be admitted that the materials for the lives of many even of the most celebrated artists of the Netherlands are scanty in the extreme. Thus but little save a few dates is known of the lives of De Hoogh or Vermeer of Delft, two of the most justly famous artists of the Dutch school. It might perhaps be objected that too much space is given to artists, like Sprangher, artis-But Van tically not of the first importance. Mander's life of Sprangher, although no doubt greatly exaggerated in the praise which it bestows upon his work and ideals, gives none the less a very good idea of the trend of affairs in the Northern schools at that time; of the Italian journey, which was considered of such paramount importance; and of the strange reverence paid by the successors of the Van Eycks, Memling and Matsys, to second-rate Italian art. Abandoning the glorious traditions of their school and country, these painters came to look upon the late Florentine and Roman artists as their masters, setting up the vapid, florid work of such men as their ideal. It is to be regretted that more is not known of the life of Peeter Brueghel the elder, an artist even to-day esteemed at far less than his true worth. Incomparably the greatest artist of his time in the Low

Countries, this true forerunner of Rubens was the only artist strong enough to resist the Latinising influences which were destroying the art of those around him.

The present writer has made use of modern authorities in those cases where research has given us fuller information upon the lives of the painters. Michiels' Histoire de la Peinture Flamande has throughout been largely consulted in this manner, while many particulars of the life of Rembrandt have been gleaned from the Urkunden of Hofstede de Groote. A summary list of the principal authorities for each chapter will be found at the end of the book.

V. R.

LONDON, July 1908.

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STORIES OF THE FLEMISH AND DUTCH ARTISTS

CHAPTER I

HUBERT AND JAN VAN EYCK

Our good Flemish land has not lacked, either in past or present times, men famous for bravery or learning. Not to speak of the palms won in many divers places by the valour of our fighting men, have we not seen arise in our land that phœnix of learning, Erasmus of Rotterdam, who may be called the father in our times of the noble Latin tongue? And has not Heaven bestowed on us also the highest renown in the art of painting? For indeed it fell to the lot of the famous Jan van Eyck to accomplish that which neither Greeks nor Romans nor other peoples succeeded in discovering, in spite of all their efforts. And for this reason the Maas, on whose banks he was

born, may be called the rival of the Arno and the Po, and even of the swift Tiber itself; for upon its banks shone a glory so great that Italy herself, mother of the arts, was outdone by it, and was compelled to send to Flanders the art of painting, her own nursling, there to suck from other breasts.

Born in the village of Maeseyck in the Pays de Liège, and endowed from his earliest years with a lively intelligence, and showing the highest aptitude for design, Jan became the pupil of his brother Hubert, who was his senior by a number of years. Even from the thirteenth century this district, and more especially the town of Maestricht, not far from Maeseyck, had been renowned for the skill of its painters. It is said that the father of the family was also a painter, and that it was from him that Hubert learnt the beginnings of the art. And indeed the whole family must have been wonderfully gifted, since not only Hubert and Jan, who became famous throughout Europe, but also their sister Margaret, gained celebrity by their paintings. And although no work of hers remains, it is certain that she devoted herself heart and soul to the art of painting, for she vowed herself in youth to perpetual celibacy, in order that

nothing might come between her and the pursuit of it.

In so small a town as their birthplace, which was in the most warlike part of the duchy of Limbourg, and where there existed no guild of painters, it would not have been possible to gain a livelihood by painting, save in the position of illuminators of manuscripts to one of the numerous monasteries. But in that district there were already many such artists, for the country was famous for this kind of work, and its productions were much esteemed not only at home but also in the most distant countries of Europe.

The town of Bruges in Flanders, by reason of its flourishing commerce, was at that time rich far beyond the rest of the Low Countries; and since it happens that artists seek always the most prosperous centres, in the hope of finding there better remuneration and more widespread renown, Hubert went to settle in that town, whither flocked in those times the merchants of all countries. For to Bruges—in those days a seaport town, before the sea had fallen back and left her deserted—came every kind of traffic and merchandise, and her quays were blocked with bales of silk, tapestries, wool, linen, and

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all things that made up the commerce of those times. In the richness and splendour of their display her wealthy citizens rivalled those of the greatest cities of Italy, and it was therefore in this city that a school of painters was destined shortly to arise, to rival in art, as in commerce, the great countries of the South.

By universal opinion the brothers were educated men, versed in all the matters of their art, studying the properties of colours, and devoting themselves for this purpose to alchemy and distillation. In this way it came about that Jan made that great discovery of which I have spoken, which was in fact in the first place a varnish, into the composition of which entered a particular oil, and with which he covered his tempera pictures, obtaining by this means great success because of the brilliance and durability which it gave to the work. Many Italian painters had in vain sought this secret, without ever attaining to a knowledge of the true method.

It came about that one day Jan, having completed a painting on wooden panel to which he had given a great deal of time and care, as was his wont, and the work being executed and covered with his varnish, he exposed it as usual to the sun to dry. But either because the panel

had been badly jointed or the wood not sufficiently seasoned, or because the sun burned too hotly on it, the panel split badly at the joints. Whereupon Jan, very much vexed to see the injury that the heat of the sun had done him, seeing that the panel which had cost him so much time and care was destroyed at a blow, determined that the same thing should not happen again through the agency of the sun.

And so, abandoning altogether the white of egg painting covered with varnish, he at last succeeded in producing by his experiments a varnish which would dry in the shade and without placing even in the open air, dispensing, in fact, with the need for painters to expose their works to the sun at all. He tried in succession a number of oils and other substances, and discovered that linseed oil and nut oil were by far the most rapid in drying. This then, boiled with other mixtures, made the varnish which he, as well as all the other painters in the world, had so long desired.

And as it is the habit of inquiring spirits never to stop half-way, he succeeded after a number of trials in proving to himself that colours dissolved in oil united and mixed in the most wonderful way, that they acquired in the course of drying a great body, that they were impermeable to water, and that, finally, oil gave a greater brilliancy without the need of using any varnish at all. What astounded him and pleased him in addition was that the colours mixed better in oil than with white of egg or glue.

Being greatly delighted, as may be believed, with this invention, Jan began a number of works, and filled his native land with them, to the exceeding pleasure of the people and his own great glory; and, increasing in knowledge and experience day by day, he continued ever to do greater and better things. The fame of the invention spread not only throughout Flanders, but not long after came to Italy and many other parts of the world; it caused the greatest desire on the part of all artists to know in what way he had given such brilliancy and perfection to his works. And these artists, since they saw the works and did not know what manner of method he had employed, were constrained to celebrate them none the less, and to give them unceasing praise, and at the same time, without blame, to envy him, and chiefly because he for a time did not desire that any one should see him at work, nor would he instruct any one in his secret. And albeit the merchants made a commerce of his works, and sent them throughout the world to princes and great persons, to their great delight, the secret did not get beyond Flanders. And as it happened that such pictures gave out that sharp smell which came from the colours and oil mixed together, and this more especially when they were new, hence it seemed that it might be possible to know it. Never, however, was it so much as guessed at in the space of many years. But one of these pictures, done in oil by Jan, was sent by certain Florentine merchants, who were doing business in Flanders, to the King Alfonso I. of Naples, which, by reason of the great beauty of the figures in it and by the new invention of the colouring, was greatly prized by that king; and all the painters in the kingdom flocked to see it, and it received the highest praises from all.

Now there was at Messina at that time a certain Antonello, a person of quick and lively intelligence and very shrewd and practised in his craft, who had worked for many years at the arts of design in Rome; he had lived at first in Palermo, and lastly had returned to Messina, his native place, where with his works he had confirmed the good opinion of his fellow-countrymen, by the virtue which he had of painting extremely well.

This man, therefore, having occasion once to go from Sicily to Naples, heard that the abovenamed picture from the hand of Jan of Bruges had come into the possession of the King Alfonso, and that it was painted in oil in such a way that it resisted every blow and possessed in itself every perfection. When he had set eyes on it, the brilliancy of the colouring and the beauty and unity of the painting impressed him so deeply that, putting aside every other business and thought, he made the journey to Flanders, and arriving there he went to the studio of Jan van Eyck, begging that he might become his pupil. And to this Jan consented, and before his death confided to him the secret of his invention, which Antonello bore with him to Venice, where he became very famous.

If the Greek painters, Apelles, Zeuxis, and the rest, could have seen this process, their surprise would have been no less than that of the valiant Achilles and the heroes of antiquity had they heard the explosion of the powder of the alchemist, Berthold Schwartz the Dane, in 1354, or than that of the ancient authors at the sight of the printing-press which Haarlem can justly claim as her own.

The most considerable and the most beautiful

painting produced by the brothers was the celebrated retable in the Church of St. Bavon at Ghent, which was commissioned by Philippe de Charolais, Count of Flanders, son of Duke John of Dijon, whose portrait on horseback appears in one of the wings. It is said that the work, having been designed originally and commenced by Hubert, was afterwards finished by Jan. I think, on the contrary, that from the beginning the two brothers worked together; but Hubert died before the completion of the painting, and was buried at Ghent in the very church where his great work is to be seen. He had, indeed, only completed the upper portion of the Mystic Lamb when he died. His grave is in a vault below the crypt of the chapel of the Burluuts and Vydts families. His epitaph runs as follows: "Take warning from me, ye who walk above me. I was as you are, but am now buried dead beneath you. Thus it appears that neither art nor medicine availed me: art, honour, wisdom, power, affluence are spared not when death arrives. I was called Hubert van Eyck. I am now food for worms. Formerly known and highly honoured in painting, this was all shortly after turned to nothing. It was in the year of our Lord 1426 on the 18th of

September that I rendered up my soul to God in suffering. Pray God for me, all ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight. Flee sin, turn to the best, for you must follow me at last "

The arm with which he had so well served his art was severed from his body, and was suspended in a casket above the portal of St. Bavon, where it was still to be seen in the sixteenth century.

After Hubert's death it fell to the lot of Jan to complete the great work, which he did in spite of several interruptions.

The central panel is drawn from the Apocalypse, and represents the Mystic Lamb adored by the patriarchs—a vast subject treated with extraordinary care, as is indeed the case with the whole work. Below this panel is seen the Virgin crowned by Father and Son. Christ holds in His hand a cross of crystal, enriched with buttons of gold and other ornaments of precious stones, and treated with so great perfection that in the opinion of several artists this sceptre would alone call for a month's work.

Not far from the Virgin are seen little angels singing from music; these are painted with such marvellous art that one can readily tell from looking at them which is singing the dominant, which the counter-tenor, and which the tenor and the bass.

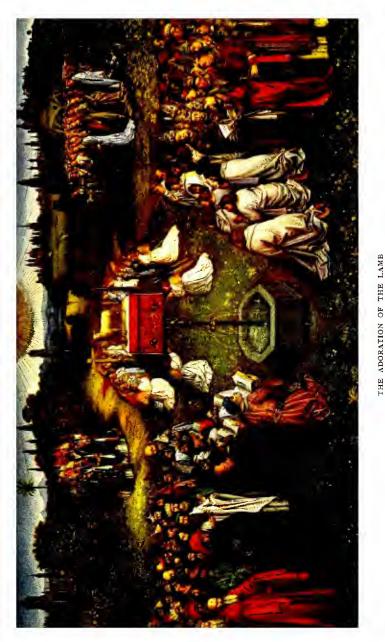
On the upper right wing appear Adam and Eve, and one can see in Adam's face an expression of terror and something like remorse at having infringed the Divine command. His new companion offers him what seems not to be an apple, as painters ordinarily represent it, but a fresh fig; and this shows the extent of Jan's knowledge, for it is maintained by St. Augustine and other theologians that the fruit offered by Eve to Adam was, in fact, a fig, since Moses does not specify the nature of the fruit, and the first beings did not cover themselves with apple-leaves, but with the leaves of the fig-tree, when, after their sin, they knew that they were naked

In the other wing is a St. Cecilia. Besides this the central panel is provided with two double wings, but the two parts which touch the principal panel are images which complete this subject.

In the other wings appear the Count of Flanders on horseback, as I have said, and portraits, as it is supposed, of the two painters themselves on horseback. Hubert, if it indeed be he, is on the right of his brother, and seems old compared with Jan. He has upon his head a strange-shaped hat, ornamented in front with costly fur. Jan wears a fine hat of the turban shape, the ends of which float behind him. Upon a black coat he carries a red collar with a medallion.

As a whole the work is exceptional and prodigious for those times, in respect of drawing, attitudes, conception, and the purity and exceptional finish of the execution. The stuffs are draped in the manner of Albrecht Dürer, and the colours—the blue, red, purple—are unchangeable, and so beautiful that one would say that they were in their first freshness, and they carry the palm over every other work.

The accomplished painter of whom I am telling was one of the most scrupulous observers, and one might well believe that he had set out purposely to prove the falsehood of Pliny's assertion, that a painter who undertakes to put together a considerable number of persons in a picture always makes some of them alike; because it is an impossibility to imitate nature, who in a thousand faces never produces two which are identical. In the present case there are quite three hundred figures, and not one of them at



(By Hubert (?) van Byck, from the central panel of the Altar-piece by Hubert and Jan van Eyck in the Cathedral, Ghent)

all resembles another. Besides, the heads give us the most diverse expressions—divine meditation, love, faith. The Virgin seems to move her lips and to pronounce the words of the book which she is reading.

The landscape shows us several exotic trees; for, as we shall see, Jan had been on a journey to the South in the course of painting the work, and had seen the cypress and the olive, and had felt the heat of southern suns and seen the deeper blue of their skies. One can tell the nature of each little plant, and the vegetation and the ground are extraordinarily beautiful. It would be possible to count the hairs on the heads of the persons and in the manes and the tails of the horses, and it is all done with such a wonderful transparency that all artists are struck dumb by it; yes, the work in its entirety and completeness discourages them.

A number of princes, emperors, and kings have seen this painting with no less delight. The King Philip, thirty-sixth Count of Flanders, was very desirous of possessing it; but not wishing to deprive the city of Ghent of it, he ordered a reproduction to be made by Michael Coxcie, a painter of Mechlin, who carried this difficult task through with great skill. And as

so beautiful a blue as is to be found in the original is not to be had in this part of the world, Titian himself sent from Venice, by command of the king, a sort of azure which is considered natural, which is found in the mountains of Hungary, and which it was less difficult to obtain before the Turk had seized those countries. The small quantity of this colour which was used upon the mantle of the Virgin alone cost thirty-two ducats.

Coxcie was led to introduce into his copy certain modifications; for example, in the part representing St. Cecilia, which is seen too much from behind, and is not at all graceful. The copy was sent to Spain.

There was originally in the principal panel a flight of steps; it was painted with glue size or white of egg, and therein one saw a representation of Hell with the damned bowing the knee before the name of Jesus, the Mystic Lamb. But as the cleaning of this part of the work was entrusted to unskilful painters, the result was that it was damaged and lost.

Philip the Good, who is to be seen beside the two brothers, was the greatest statesman of his day as well as being a good judge of all things pertaining to art. Jan van Eyck, by reason of his immense learning and his artistic gifts, became not only his "varlet" or servant, and his Court painter, but also his most trusted and intimate counsellor, and was by him employed on various missions, both delicate and secret. The painter, although a "varlet," did honourable duty and was served himself by domestics of the Court. The Count took pleasure in having him always near to him, even as Alexander the Great cherished the illustrious Apelles.

The retable of the Mystic Lamb was only opened for great persons to view, or for a considerable remuneration given to the custodian; and accordingly the common folk only saw it on high feast days. But there was then such a press that one could only approach with great difficulty, and the chapel did not empty during the whole day. The painters, both young and old, and the lovers of art flocked thither, just as bees and flies of a summer's day fly in swarms round the baskets of figs or grapes.

In the same chapel, which is called the Chapel of Adam and Eve, in the Church of St. Bavon, and facing the great work, one may see inscribed against the wall an ode, composed by Lucas de Heere, a painter of Ghent, which is written in praise of the work of the brothers.

The completion of this great work was, as I have said, many times interrupted, and one of these occasions was a visit of some months to Portugal. For Philip the Good, having heard of the wonderful beauty of Isabella the Infanta, daughter of John, first king of that country, determined to seek her hand in marriage. But ere he did this he decided that he would send Jan to paint her portrait and to despatch it to him in Flanders, in order that he might judge of her beauties with his own eyes. This was to put the powers of the painter to a severe test indeed, and speaks for the high esteem in which he was held by his master. Accordingly, Philip sent to Lusitania the lords of Rouhaix and De Lannoy, at the head of a brilliant embassy, among whom rode, in the capacity of a dignitary of the Court, the great painter of Bruges.

The envoys embarked in the month of October at the port of Sluys in two Venetian galleys. The unfavourable season which they had chosen made the passage both long and perilous. Indeed, the expedition was on more than one occasion constrained to take refuge in the English ports. The brilliant company was received on its arrival at Lisbon with all the splendour due to messengers who came to offer to the king's

daughter the most splendid ducal crown of Christendom.

It was in the midst of these public rejoicings that Jan painted the portrait of the young Princess. The painting, as had been commanded, was forthwith sent to the Duke, and he, a connoisseur in all that concerned beauty, determined, when he set eyes upon it, to ask the hand of the Princess in marriage.

But while these formalities were being gone through several months elapsed. The ambassadors spent the time in the midst of the delights of royal hospitality and of a splendid climate. They lived happily in this balmy air and beneath this sky, more radiant than that of their Northern home, and travelled hither and thither as their fancy led them. On one occasion they made the pilgrimage to Compostella to the shrine of St. James; at another time they went to the Duke of Arjonne, to sojourn for a while among his savage mountains. Then again to Granada, still the city of the Moors, where the King Abanazar received them in the midst of his oriental court and his enchanted palace of the Alhambra. Wherever they went they were fêted and acclaimed.

The Sieur de Roubaix married the Infanta as

proxy for Philip, and on this occasion the fêtes, cavalcades and tourneys succeeded one another without intermission for several months. But at length the time came for embarkation. A flotilla of fifteen ships awaited the newly-made Duchess, and in the month of September all this joyous company sailed triumphantly out of the Tagus into the open sea. But the travellers received from the equinoctial gales and raging seas a very different reception to that from which they had just returned. Hardly had they lost sight of the coast of Portugal than a fearful hurricane attacked them, with such force that nine of the ships were lost entirely and the remaining six were terribly battered. Thrown eventually on the coasts of England and then upon those of France, after having suffered a number of vicissitudes and dangers, the expedition arrived on Christmas Day, and after a passage lasting more than three months, in the port of Sluys.

On the completion of the altar-piece of Ghent, Jan returned to Bruges, where there is still to be seen an admirable work from his hand. He has completed many other works as well, which merchants and dealers have sent far and wide, and which have been viewed with the deepest admiration by all artists desirous of entering the path opened up by the painter, but unable to discover in what manner this kind of painting had been produced. And, in fact, if a prince sometimes got possession of one of these marvellous works, the method of its execution remained none the less a secret, and did not go beyond the boundaries of Flanders.

Jan, besides these things, executed a number of portraits from nature, carried out in the most patient and minute manner, to which he frequently added pleasing landscapes.

His sketches were more complete and more precise than the finished works of other painters. I remember to have seen by him a small panel representing a woman, behind whom he had put a landscape; it was only a preparation for a more important work, but it was none the less of extraordinary beauty.

Jan had painted in oil in the same picture the portrait of a man and a woman who are holding each other by the right hand, as though united by marriage, and Fidelity herself presides at their union. This little picture was later found in the possession of a barber at Bruges, who had, as I believe, inherited it. Madame Marie, aunt of Philip of Spain, and widow of King Louis of

Hungary, who fell in battle against the Turks, happened to see it, and, being possessed of a passion for art, was so ravished by the work that to obtain it she gave the barber a post which brought him in annually a hundred florins.

Jan died at Bruges at an advanced age and was buried in the choir of the Church of St. Donatian; but in 1442 his remains were removed to the interior of the church and buried near the font. The church, however, no longer stands, having been destroyed during the French occupation of the town. All that remains of Jan van Eyck is his work, which will enjoy fame as long as there is any love of art among mankind.



an Van Eyek
PORTRAITS OF JEAN ARNOLFINI AND JEANNE DE CHENANY, HIS WIFE
(National Gallery, London)

CHAPTER 11

HUGO VAN DER GOES

It is a common thing, or at least frequent, that when a man becomes distinguished in our art and reaps honours and fortune, parents are not so unwilling to direct their children, if they show aptitude for it, towards the study of painting. For this reason one might suppose that Jan van Eyck had had a number of pupils around him, but it has often been said that he had none at all.

One pupil, however, may be named as his, namely Hugo van der Goes, who, being gifted with great intelligence, became a painter beyond the ordinary, and his master passed on to him the method of painting in oil.

Hugo was born at Ghent about the year 1435, and began to be famous as a painter at an early age; and although he died younger than was the case with most of his fellows of that time, he left behind him a number of works, and especially portraits, which are not second to anything produced in his day.

There existed formerly in a house in Ghent, near the bridge called the Muyderbrugge, a house which was surrounded with water, a work particularly remarkable, and one which artists and connoisseurs justly admired. The circumstances under which the work was carried out make it doubly interesting, although the painting itself has long since disappeared. It was painted on the wall above the chimney-piece of one of the rooms, and represented the meeting of Abigail and David. David, on horseback, was full of dignity; and, in short, as well in design as in conception, handling and effect, it was an exceptional work.

Tradition tells us that love here made himself one of the party, and that Cupid guided the hand of the artist with his mother and the graces; for Hugo, who was still a boy, had conceived a passion for the daughter of the house, and in the composition was to be found a portrait of the girl in the character of Abigail.

Lucas de Heere in the sixteenth century found this work so perfect that he wrote in honour of the painter and the picture a sonnet which still exists. He pretends that the sweet ladies in the painting are addressing the public; they approve the manner in which the artist has painted them, and adjudge themselves very living and very charming; in fact, speech alone is lacking to them, "a defect not too common to our sex."

The ardent love of the young artist was returned by the girl; but the father was a wealthy burgess and disdained the vows of a man of trade; for painters in those times did not occupy so distinguished a position as they do to-day, and often did not rank above the position of ordinary craftsmen. Is it not possible that the scene of Abigail imploring David may have been a memory, an eloquent impression of a similar scene in real life? The obstinacy of the proud father banished all the painter's hopes. Elizabeth ended by taking the veil in the monastery of the White Ladies, called the Porta Cœli, at Brussels, where she gave herself up to illuminating manuscripts.

Hugo remained in the world and even obtained brilliant successes there. Among others of his notable paintings was one at Bruges, an altarpiece which was held to be one of the finest things by the master. It adorned an altar in the church of St. James. It was a Crucifixion, with the executioners, Mary, and the other figures all so full of life and executed so conscientiously, that the work was done not only to delight the crowd, but also the most competent judges.

By reason of its merit this picture was spared in the brutal devastation of the churches; but when the church later came to be used by the Protestants, this work of art was taken and coated with black paint, in order that the Ten Commandments might be inscribed over it, and that by the advice and doing of a painter! I do not mention him by name, not wishing that it should be said that a representative of our art contributed to the destruction of such a work, an outrage which Painting cannot think of without tears. Happily the original painting was very hard, and the gold letters and the coating of black which was put over it made a thick mass of oil-colour. It scaled off in places, and it became possible to remove the whole of it. In this way the work was preserved, but it has unhappily since disappeared.

Van der Goes, in fact, became rapidly famous. But in reality nothing could dispel the cloud of sorrow which lay deep down in his heart, darkening all his fortunes, and casting gloom over each of his pictures. And finally one day, when all the world seemed smiling on him and he was surrounded with honours, he abandoned work and friends and went to hide himself away in the Forest of Soignes, at the abbey of Rooclooster,



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD
(After the painting by Gerard David, now in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin)

even as his love had done in the convent of the White Ladies. His brother, Nicolas van der Goes, had already taken the vows in the same monastery. When Hugo took the habit, and during his novitiate, because he had been a good man rather than a powerful one in the secular world, the father prior Thomas allowed him many worldly consolations, of a kind rather to lead him back to the pomps of the age than to conduct him to humility and penitence. This was very little pleasing to some of the brothers: "Novices," said they, "should not be exalted, but humiliated." And as Hugo excelled in the painting of portraits, great persons and others, even the most illustrious Archduke Maximilian, were pleased to visit him, for they ardently desired to view his paintings; and to enable him to receive the strangers who came to see him with this intention, the father prior Thomas authorised Hugo to mount to the guest-chamber and to feast with them.

Some years after he had been professed, in fact, at the end of five or six years, the brother convert repaired to Cologne in company with his half-brother Nicolas, who had entered at Rooclooster as an *oblat* or lay brother, and had there been professed, and of the brother Pieter,

regular canon of the Throne, who then lived at the convent of Jericho at Brussels, and of several other persons. As Hugo was returning from this journey he was struck with a disease of the mind; for he ceased not to call himself damned and vowed to eternal damnation, and would have done himself cruel bodily injury had he not been deterred from it by force, thanks to the assistance of those present. This astounding malady threw a great gloom over the latter part of the journey. They succeeded none the less in reaching Brussels, where the prior was immediately summoned. The latter suspected that Hugo had been struck with the malady which had tormented King Saul, and, remembering how the latter had been calmed when David played on the harp, he allowed them to make music in presence of the brother Hugo, and also to add other recreations of a character to overcome the mental trouble of the painter.

In spite of all that could be done, Brother Hugo did not get any better, but persisted in proclaiming himself a child of perdition. It was in this state of suffering that he returned to the convent. The aid and assistance which the singing brothers procured for him, the spirit of charity and compassion of which they gave him the proofs night and day, in striving to foresee

everything, can never be forgotten. And none the less more than one of the brothers expressed an entirely different opinion. They were rarely agreed upon the origin of the malady of the brother convert. According to some it was a kind of frenzy. If one might believe others, he was possessed of a demon. He showed in himself the symptoms of each of these affections; notwithstanding which, as has been frequently repeated to me, he never desired to do harm to any one save himself, during the entire course of his malady, which cannot be said of frenzied people, or of those possessed. Besides, in my opinion, God alone knows what it was.

We can consider in two ways the illness of the convert. We may say, firstly, that it was without a doubt a natural frenzy and of a particular kind. There are, in fact, several kinds of this malady, which are provoked, some by foods causing melancholy; others by the absorption of heady wines, which burn and dry up the humours of the body; others still, by the ardour of the passions, such as anxiety, sadness, too great application to work, and fear; finally, the last, by the action of a corrupted humour working in the body of a man already disposed to a malady of this kind. With regard to the

passions of the soul, I know for a certainty that the convert brother was much given up to them. He was excessively preoccupied with the question as to how he should finish the works which he had to paint, and which he could scarcely have finished, as it was said, in nine years. He very often studied in a Flemish book. As regards wine, he drank it with his guests, and one may believe that this aggravated his condition. These circumstances may well have led to the causes which in time produced the grave infirmity with which Hugo was attacked.

On the other hand, one might say that this malady came by the most just providence of God, who, as is said, is patient and acts with gentleness towards us, wishing that none should die, but that all should be able to return to a better life. The convert brother now in question had acquired a great reputation in the order; thanks to his talent, he had become more famous than if he had remained in the world. And as he was a man of a nature similar to others, by reason of the honours that were done him, the visits and the homage which he received, his pride must have been exalted, and God, who did not wish to let him succumb, must have sent upon him this degrading infirmity, which indeed

humiliated him in the most extreme manner. He himself, as soon as he grew better, understood it. Ceasing from his excesses, he abandoned of his own accord the refectory, and modestly took his meals with the lay-brothers.

I have been at some pains to give all these details, God having permitted all that I have described, as I think, not solely for the punishment of sin, or the correction and amendment of the sinner, but also for our edification. This infirmity came as the result of a natural accident. Let us learn by that to keep in check our passions, not to let them overcome us, lest we be smitten in an irremediable manner. brother, in the position of an excellent painter, as he was then described, was given by an excess of imagination to dreams and preoccupations, by which he became affected in a vein near the brain. There is, in fact, so they say, in the neighbourhood of this latter a small and delicate vein governed by the creative power and reverie. When, among us, the imagination is too active and dreams are frequent, this vein is tormented; and if it is so troubled and wounded that it happens to break, frenzy and madness are the result. In order not to fall into a danger so fatal and irremediable, we ought, therefore, to

put a limit to our dreams, our imaginings, our suspicions, and all other vain and useless thoughts which can trouble our brains. We are but men, and that which befell this convert, by reason of his dreams and his hallucinations, may it not also happen to us?

The brother convert Hugo died in the year 1482, and was buried in the cemetery of Rooclooster in the open air. The buildings of the monastery still stand to this day, but they are no longer the dwelling-place of monks. They have been secularised, and were lately used as a dye-works.

CHAPTER III

ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN

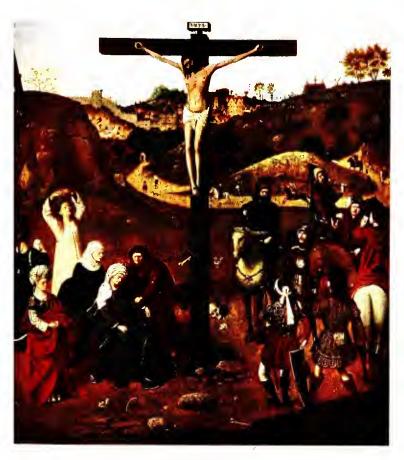
Among those who have brought glory to the art of painting, a special mention must be made of the celebrated Rogier van der Weyden, or De la Pasture, as he is frequently named, who, originally of Flanders or of Flemish origin, became famous at Brussels in the early days of our art by the lively intelligence which nature had apportioned to his noble spirit, to the great gain of all the artists of his time.

In fact, Rogier has powerfully contributed to the progress of our art by his example; not alone in that which concerns conception, but for the most perfect execution, shown in the attitudes, the arrangement and the reproduction of the emotions of the soul—sorrow, joy, anger; the whole according to the demands of the subject.

There were formerly in the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels four works of his, destroyed in the bombardment of that city by the French in 1695, which were painted to represent notable examples

of justice in history. They hung in the Chambre d'Or, and were such striking things to look at that they moved the learned Dominic Lampsonius to such a point that he could not take his eyes off them, when in this very room where they hung he was drawing up the Peace of Ghent for the pacification of the Low Countries. He interrupted his work, albeit of so serious a nature, to exclaim, "O Rogier, how great a master wert thou!"

One of the paintings, which showed an aged father, confined to his bed, rising up in order to cut the throat of his criminal son, illustrated a strange legend, which is told of a certain Erkenbald, a powerful and illustrious prince, who was wont to dispense justice without respect of persons, and who treated the poor in the same manner as the rich, the unknown as those of his own family. Now it chanced that this most just prince fell ill of a grave malady; and while he lay in bed he chanced to hear, in the room adjoining that in which he lay, a great tumult and the sound of women's voices crying out aloud. He at once demanded the reason of the disturbance, but every one concealed from him the truth and dissembled. At length, calling a page, he said to him: "Tell me forthwith what it is that



THE CRUCIFIXION
14/ter the painting by Petrus Cristus, now in the Gothisches Haus, Worlitz)

has occurred, or your eyes shall be torn out of their sockets." "My Lord," replied the terrified youth, "this trouble was caused by your sister's son, whom all the world respects and honours next to yourself; he was offering violence to a young girl." The uncle demanded to know more of the matter, and finding that such was indeed the truth, ordered that the nephew should be taken out and hanged forthwith. The seneschal, not daring either to refuse obedience or to put the sentence into execution, went in search of the young man, counselling him to seek safety in flight and to remain hidden for some time. Returning to the sick man's bedside, he told him that the offender had perished. At the end of five days the nephew, thinking that the anger of his uncle would have abated, stole to the door of his room and half-opened it. The sick man, catching sight of him, spoke in a friendly way to him, bidding him kneel down beside the bed. Then without another word he seized him by the hair, and plunging his dagger into his throat, slew him.

But strangest of all was the sequel; for, as the malady of the prince grew worse and he felt that his days were numbered, he sent for the Bishop to administer to him the Supreme Unction. In

confession he avowed all his sins with many tears and much contrition, but maintained complete silence over the death which he had inflicted upon his nephew only a few days before. "From what motive," demanded the Bishop, "do you conceal the murder which you have just committed?" "Because," replied the sick man, "in my eyes it is no crime; therefore, I have no need to seek your pardon." The Bishop, however, refused to administer the sacrament if he would not confess. The prince again refused, saying, "I have indeed committed no crime in killing my nephew, for I had a sincere love for him. Neither envy nor hate guided my hand. My conscience alone drove me to do it. I do not therefore fear the judgment of the Most High, and if you refuse me the sacrament, priest, then I shall communicate in spirit." The Bishop accordingly went out of the room, leaving behind him the Host; but before he had left the castle the sick man ordered him to be recalled. "Look in the ciborium," said he, "and see if the body of the Lord is still within." The priest opened the casket; the Host was no longer there. "It is here, upon my tongue," said the prince, and opening his mouth he showed him the symbol of Redemption, which had come there of itself to confirm his belief.

The priest cried aloud with surprise, praising highly the divine wisdom, which placed justice above all human considerations.

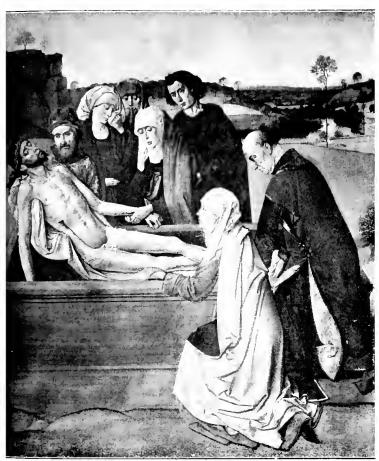
Such was the first of the legends portrayed by Van der Weyden. The second is animated by the same spirit of heroic violence.

The Emperor Trajan, who albeit a pagan was possessed of a great zeal for justice, had just mounted his horse and was about to quit Rome for the country at the head of a large army, when a certain widow, clinging to his stirrup, begged for vengeance from him upon the murderers of her son. The prince, with an air full of kindness, replied that he could not then delay, but that he would look into the matter upon his return. But the widow was so importunate and so passionate in her entreaties that at length the Emperor dismounted, and, halting his soldiers, bade them encamp until he had examined the matter. The accused appeared before him, and as it appeared that he had really assassinated the widow's son, the Emperor had him beheaded. He then went off to the wars, and, after obtaining great victories over the Persians, returned to Rome, where he not long after died. A magnificent tomb was raised to him upon the Forum, called the Column of Trajan, one hundred and forty feet high; his remains were placed in a sarcophagus of gold and buried beneath it.

It was more than four centuries after his reign that Pope Gregory I. mounted the papal throne. One day when passing near the Column of Trajan he remembered his far-famed love of justice, deploring in his heart the uselessness of his virtues, since he had had no knowledge of the true God. Soon after he made his way to the Basilica of St. Peter and prostrated himself, full of sorrow, before the face of the Lord. When he pondered that such a prince could not attain to the bliss of the elect, he wept abundantly. Soon, indeed, he began to implore the divine mercy in favour of the generous pagan. Whereupon a mysterious voice, which seemed to come from the very vaults of the church, made reply:—

"Your wishes are granted: I absolve Trajan, albeit unfaithful. But in future implore me not again for one of the damned." When the Pope was assured of the eternal bliss of the Emperor, he ordered a search to be made for his remains. They were discovered reduced to dust, with the exception of the tongue, which, never having pronounced any words but those of justice and equity, had remained intact.

Besides these works there was also formerly



R. van der Weyden

THE DEPOSITION IN THE TOMB (National Gallery, London)

Hanfstacugt

at Louvain, in the Church of Notre Dame hors des Murs, a "Descent from the Cross," by Rogier, in which two men, standing on a ladder, were lowering the Saviour on to a white cloth. At the bottom of the picture were Joseph of Arimathea and other persons, who received the body, and the holy women assembled at the foot of the Cross, lamenting in a very moving manner, while the Virgin, who has fainted, is held up by St. John, who is standing behind her.

This splendid work is now to be seen in Spain, having been sent thither to the king of that country. The vessel which carried it was shipwrecked, but the picture, strange to relate, did not perish, for it floated on the surface, and as the packing had been carefully done, the painting had scarcely suffered any damage; the joints of the panel had slightly opened, but there was no further injury.

In 1450 Van der Weyden travelled to Rome, whither a number of his works had already preceded him. Indeed, his pictures cannot have been rare in any part of that country, seeing that he already had imitators and followers there. In 1449 Cyriac d'Ancona had admired a "Christ taken down from the Cross" in the possession of Leonello d'Este, painted by Rogier. A clever

Sienese painter, Angelo Parrasio, had already taken him for model. In the apartments of the Prince of Ferrara was a celebrated triptych by Van der Weyden, one of the wings representing Adam and Eve naked, driven out of Paradise by an angel, a work of extraordinary beauty. The central panel showed the Saviour taken down from the Cross, with Mary the Magdalene and St. Joseph, whose sorrowful faces, bathed in tears, seemed as though they were indeed alive.

In the Church of St. John Lateran, Van der Weyden saw a beautiful work illustrating the story of the patron of the basilica. It was crowned by the statues of five prophets, so well painted that they seemed really of marble. He asked the name of the painter, and when told that the work was by Gentile da Fabriano, he covered him with praises, putting him above all other Italian masters.

After his return to Flanders, the Chevalier Pieter Bladelin begged him to paint for him an altar-piece for the church of Middelburg in Flanders; for this strange man had taken into his head the idea of building a town entirely by himself, or at least with the assistance of his wife. Member of a noble and powerful family in the neighbourhood of Furnes, he was sufficiently rich, but did not occupy such a feudal position as

lord of a manor, as would have assured him extended rights and facility of enterprise. wife Marguerite belonged to a famous family of Bruges, several members of which had exercised high functions in the Church and the magistrature, or shown proof of skill in the tourneys given by the Dukes of Burgundy. In 1444, at a time when a profound calm increased the well-being and favoured the industries of the Low Countries, while the lords spread their luxury in the Court, diverted themselves in warlike games and tournaments, or founded here and there convents and monasteries to obtain remission of their sins, the two Bladelins conceived a project which should eclipse all others and surround them with a more durable glory than their good deeds. A citizen of Bruges, Colard Fevers, who had married the sister of Pieter, at that time possessed a farm and considerable lands, situated between the once maritime town of Ardembourg and the commune of Moerkerke. He had bought them, four years previously, from the abbey of Middelburg in Zeeland. Bladelin bought them from his brotherin-law, begged and obtained from the Duke Philip the permission to carry out his plan, and soon made the necessary preparations. He decided that the future commune should bear the

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name of Middelbourg, in memory of the religious house which had stood for a long time in those marshy grounds, where soon should arise, as though by enchantment, his Gothic turrets and crenellated To build upon a site so little favourable, fortifications, dwellings, a church, an entire town, was certainly no puny project. It demanded a firm resolution, a great amount of work, and enormous expenditure. But the knight had made his calculations so well that the fabulous city seemed to spring, as though by magic, from the ground. The houses fell into lines, the streets took shape, the surrounding walls rose into the air, the moats grew deeper day by day, and the castle of the signiory dominated the whole. The church consecrated to the apostles Peter and Paul grew with rapidity, adorned with its pointed arches, and sent up, bit by bit, its spires and pinnacles into the sky. Twenty years was the new city in the building. The church itself was six years building, and Rogier was called upon to ornament the high altar. He painted for it a retable, the central panel of which represented the infant Christ adored by His mother, by St. Joseph, by Pieter Bladelin, and three angels; then in the distance was seen the annunciation to the shepherds; on the right wing the legendary kings

perceiving the star which guides them to the newly-born Saviour; on the left wing the Virgin appears to the Emperor Augustus, who is clothed like a Burgundian duke.

Rogier became a very wealthy man; and when he had painted the portrait of a queen or some other high person, he would receive for it a corn tax in payment. At his death he left behind him large charities to the poor. He died at the time when the plague which was called the "English sickness" was about, and which broke out all over the country, thousands of people falling victims to it.

CHAPTER IV

HANS MEMLING

LITTLE is known of the early years of Hans Memling, formerly called Hemling, and we are not told who was his master in the art of painting. The legend runs that he led a wild and extravagant life in early youth, and then, finding himself in dire straits for want of money, enlisted as a common soldier. And thus, being wounded in battle, he came to the door of the Hospital of St. John of Bruges, begging to be admitted. In this place he was slowly nursed back to health by the sisters, and while he lay there his eyes were opened, so that he saw his wasted and profitless life and determined thereupon to amend his ways. During this time he painted a number of small pictures to amuse himself and to while away the time, and also as a means of earning a little money. Some of the good sisters were much struck by the beauty of these little works, and spread abroad the discovery which they had made, and in this way Memling became celebrated. It is said that he thereupon obtained leave for a holiday, and painted a picture for the hospital as a return for the tender care which the sisters had lavished upon him in his weakness. And this was none other than the celebrated "Shrine of St. Ursula," which is still preserved in that place.

The Shrine purported to contain the relics of St. Ursula, and round the sides of it Memling has portrayed the story of the Saint, which runs as follows. There lived once in Great Britain a prince named Theonote, who was greatly devoted to his wife. These two had but one shadow in their lives, in that they were childless. At length, however, their patience was rewarded, and the Queen gave birth to a daughter, whom they named Ursula. She grew up under the tender care of her parents and showed the most noble disposition, and all the petty kings came seeking an alliance with her; but the youthful Princess would have nothing to do with their vows. The King of the Picts, however, was determined that his son, Conan, should marry Ursula, and so importunate was he in pressing the marriage of the pair, that Ursula declared that she would depart to the Continent to escape from his importunities.

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Now there were at this time in Britain an unparalleled number of virgins; never had so many been known in the land before. And so when the Princess declared her intention of setting out, eleven thousand of them presented themselves as her followers on the journey. These undertook all the work on ship-board, labouring there like common mariners, lifting anchor, shortening sail, and steering. After a successful voyage they reached the mouth of the Rhine, and followed the river as far as Cologne. On the way they gave themselves up to song and music, so that the very fishes came to the ship from all sides to listen. At Cologne there reigned at that time a British Princess named Sigillindis, and she, having learned in a dream of the approaching arrival of the maidens, went down to do them honour and to receive them. Although difficult to feast so large a gathering, she did as well as she might, and the sweet virgins consented to sojourn for a while with her. Cologne, however, was at this time threatened with a famine, and God accordingly sent to Ursula a heavenly messenger directing her to journey on to Rome, there to receive the blessing of the Pope. Arrived at Basle they continued over the Alps on foot, feeling neither



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN
(After the painting by Hans Memling, now in the Oppenheim Collection, Cologne)

hunger nor thirst nor fatigue, and remaining always clean without the need of washing themselves. On their arrival in Rome, however, the Senate found the matter of feeding them too onerous, and they were accordingly banished from the city, though the Pope, who had taken their part, came with them. Arriving once more at Cologne they found that it had fallen into the hands of pagans and idolaters, who had slain Sigillindis, and who forthwith launched at them a shower of arrows. They slew many of the virgins and attempted to make prisoners of the remainder, but the damsels preferred to die rather than suffer such violence. Ursula, whom her followers had protected, was placed before an archer, who shot her through the heart with an arrow.

Memling has pictured this legend as follows. Upon the first compartment of the Shrine is seen the city of Cologne. An embattled gateway rises up at the waterside, and behind the gateway are seen the towers of St. Gercon and the cathedral commanding the Gothic roofs of the city. Several ships lie alongside the quay, and Sigillindis, who has come to receive Ursula, takes her by the arm to support her, whilst one of her companions holds up her mantle. The sailors are hoisting

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the baggage preparatory to landing it. In the middle distance, in one of the high windows of the city, one sees the heroine in bed visited by an angel, who is bidding her continue her journey to Rome.

The second panel has for subject the arrival at Basle. A large gateway upon the shore, lofty churches, a wide road, and, far in the distance, the white peaks of the Alps, white with snow, make up the background. The way in which Memling has treated this landscape proves that he had never travelled up the Rhine to Switzerland, and the Alps are painted from imagination. Two ships occupy the foreground; the water under their sides takes a colour of marvellous depth and intensity. It is the moment when the maidens are leaving the ships with St. Ursula, who is clothed in a cloak of ermine. The third picture shows us the Pope receiving the travellers; he has come out upon the steps of the church, and stoops to raise up Ursula, who kneels before him. Within the cloister, on the right of the panel, a priest is engaged in baptizing a convert, while others are waiting behind. Beyond the Princess crowd the other devotees, who form a great procession filling the long street; the figures at the extreme end of the procession have not yet passed the gates of the city. In the interior of the church Ursula is seen in the act of receiving the sacrament. The figures in this panel are the most beautiful in the entire work; the heads have the appearance of actual portraits and are painted with strong character.

In the fourth panel we see the pilgrims setting out towards Basle. In the middle distance they have already passed down to the waterside, and the Pope, who wished to go in company with them, is in the act of stepping on board, with the aid of one of the mariners. In the immediate foreground one sees them safely embarked and the pontiff sitting in the midst. The misfortunes of the pilgrims form the subject of the last two Two archers—one armed with a longbow, the other with a cross-bow—are shooting at the saints from the banks of the river. They fall like the ears of corn in harvest time beneath the scythe of the harvester. The murder of Ursula has a panel to itself. Standing before an archer, who fits an arrow to his bow, she awaits her fate. Not only does she appear to be halffainting, since a knight who stands beside her passes his arm about her to sustain her, but she opens her lips as though she uttered cries, and the terror has even distorted her beauty. Three

Shrine. "We are poor," said she, "but the greatest riches in the world would not tempt us to part with it."

Another work of Memling has had an adventurous history. This was the "Last Judgment," which was in the beginning commissioned by Italians, and which went through extraordinary vicissitudes before it finally found a restingplace on the altar of St. George in the cathedral of Dantzig. The story runs that it was painted in the year 1473, and was shipped at Bruges with other goods consigned to Italy. A petty war was at this time going on between the German and English ports, Germany having forbidden the importation of certain English goods. Now there lay in the port of Sluys a British ship, the St. Thomas, which had been chartered by some Italian agents. She was laden with merchandise of various kinds, partly consigned to the port of London and partly to Florence and Pisa, and amongst the wares on board was a triptych of considerable value. To ensure the freight against capture in the dangerous state of the seas, the ship was registered in the name of Tomaso Portinari, commissioned by a French captain, and sailed under the Burgundian flag. As the vessel left

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the port of Sluys it was sighted and followed by a German ship, which attacked the St. Thomas near Southampton, forcing her to strike her colours, and killing and wounding several of her crew. The captain was evidently anxious lest he should be charged with piracy on the high seas, since he was careful not to return with his prize to Dantzig, and made for Stade, which belonged at that time to the Archbishop of Bremen. There the cargo of the captured vessel was unloaded, to the great anger of Charles le Téméraire, and to the disgust of the Florentine merchants. Much quarrelling on all sides resulted, but nothing came of it. The three merchants who had fitted the caravel under command of the German captain were noblemen of Dantzig and members of the Brotherhood of St. George, whose altar was in the principal church of the city, and it was in this manner that the triptych eventually came to adorn the altar of their patron saint in the cathedral of Dantzig.

CHAPTER V

LUCAS VAN LEYDEN

It has been proved, as much by experience as by the writings of poets and historians, that those men whom nature would seem to have singled out as her chosen children, those whom she predestines to surpass the most notable, intellectually and physically, show from the earliest the part which they will play later on. It is thus that some, while still but infants, show by a quick reply that they will take their place among the wisest; while others, as the poets relate, show their strength from the very cradle in strangling serpents.

Amongst the many men of genius who have adorned our art, who have been eminent from earliest youth, and of whom I have already spoken, I cannot think of any to be compared for natural gifts to our Lucas van Leyden, who came into the world, as it were, holding the brush and the graver in his hand.

It is a thing prodigious and scarcely credible

to hear, from those who none the less know something of the matter, that from the age of nine he printed copper plates of his own design, beautiful things and most delicately executed.

There are a great number of them undated. As to those which are dated, one can calculate from them the age of their author, since he came into the world at Leyden in the year 1494.

Lucas van Leyden, whose real name was Lucas Huighensz, was also frequently called Lucas Jacobszoon. His father's name was Hugo Jacobsz, and he was in his time also a painter of no small repute.

Lucas, a master from his very cradle, was first of all a pupil of his father, and later on he studied under Cornelius Engelbrechtsen. Driven on by his tendencies not less than by love of art, he gave evidence of an extraordinary application to work, labouring on through the night as well as the day, his only toys the tools of his profession—the charcoal, chalk, pens, brushes and burins; and ever choosing as his comrades young painters, glass workers, or goldsmiths.

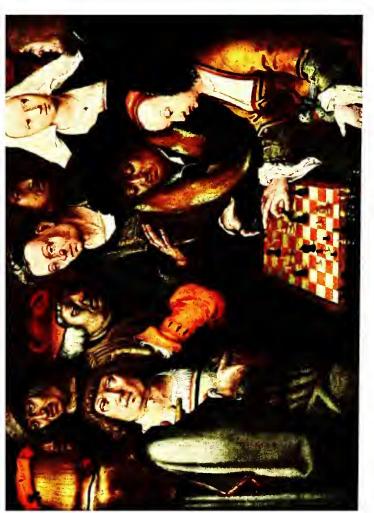
How many a time his mother would have prevented him from drawing at night, not so much because she cared about the cost of the oil he burnt, as for fear of the effect of the long wakefulness and incessant application upon the frail constitution of the young man. Never did he lose an opportunity of studying and drawing from nature the forms of heads, hands, feet, houses, draperies, and all things in the study of which he took a peculiar pleasure. Thus he quickly acquired an extreme facility, never missing an opportunity to advance himself in his work, and in all knowledge that would serve him to that end.

It may well be said that he was universal—that is to say, versed in all that concerns the graphic arts. He painted in oil or in tempera compositions, portraits, and landscapes; traced upon glass, engraved upon copper, all from his earliest childhood. At the age of twelve he painted in tempera on canvas the "Legend of St. Hubert," a prodigious piece of work, and which from that moment earned for him a great reputation. The Sieur de Lockhorst acquired this picture, and paid for it as many gold florins as its author had years.

He was but fourteen years old when he engraved the story of Mahomet killing a monk, as we learn from the date inscribed upon the print. At the age of fifteen he produced the

"Conversion of St. Paul," extraordinarily well composed, where the blind Apostle is being conducted to Damascus, and wherein his blindness, like every other detail, is rendered in a prodigious manner. As is the case with all his other works, one sees in this picture an astonishing variety of types and costumes of the ancient style—hats, bonnets, boots, almost all differing the one from the other—to such a degree that the great Italian artists of our day have borrowed largely from these plates, using them for their own purposes, after having made certain slight modifications. This is plainly to be seen in a picture by Francesco Verdi, a follower of Pietro Perugino, wherein an entire group has been adopted from Lucas'. "Baptism of Christ." Vasari has praised Lucas, to such an extent that he places him even beyond Albrecht Dürer.

At the age of thirty-three Lucas was taken with a desire to visit the painters of Zeeland, Flanders and Brabant; and he accordingly set out with all the splendour of a great person, travelling in a boat of his own, splendidly decked out and provided with all necessary things. Having arrived at Middelbourg, he took much pleasure in viewing the works of the skilful Jan de Mabuse, who dwelt in that place, and had



THE CHESS-PLAYERS

(After the painting by Lucas van Leyden, now in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin).

painted there many pictures. Lucas invited Mabuse and several other artists to a banquet which cost sixty florins, a very large sum for those days; and this he did wherever he went—at Ghent, Mechlin, and Antwerp—where on each occasion he lavished sixty florins for the painters of the place.

He was everywhere accompanied by the said Jan de Mabuse, who bore himself like a great lord, going about garbed in a robe of cloth of gold, and Lucas himself wore a dress of fine yellow camlet, which shone in the sun like gold. But since Mabuse outdid him by the splendour of his apparel, it is related that Lucas was treated somewhat with scorn, and was less considered by the artists. And it is also much to be regretted that Lucas made the journey at all, and he himself always regretted it, believing that he had been poisoned by one of his jealous rivals. Whether this was true or not, the fact remains that from that time forward he was never a healthy man, and began to languish away; and during the six years that remained until the time of his death, he was frequently in bed. I do not know whether he actually suffered from pains in the chest or elsewhere, but it is quite certain that he was possessed of

this idea. And it is worthy of remark that when the great Albrecht Dürer made a similar voyage into the Low Countries, he was attacked in precisely the same way, and believed that he was the victim of poisoning. If one reads the journal of that master, and observes the excessive feasting that was indulged in, under pretext of hospitality, the result is scarcely to be wondered at. Lucas van Leyden, who undoubtedly possessed a much frailer body, no doubt owing partly to the severity of those early studies of his, bore with even less fortitude the heavy eating and drinking which was the custom in Flanders.

And yet, all weak and confined to his bed as he was, there was scarcely a moment of these remaining years of his life that he did not wield either the brush or the graver's tool; for he had had his things specially arranged for him, in such a manner that he could continue working, and it even seemed that his passion for his art only increased with time. Such an example is, indeed, frequently to be found among the greatest artists, to whom the practice of their noble craft gives day by day a stronger love for the work.

When at length his health and strength had

declined for a long period of time, and science had become powerless to afford him relief, and that he felt his end approaching, he greatly desired to see for the last time the open sky, the handiwork of God, and for this reason his servant-woman carried him out of doors. It was his last journey. He expired on the following day, in his thirty-ninth year, in the year 1533.

The day of his death was one which has remained fixed in the memory of old men, under the name of the "Day of the hot procession of Leyden," for in this procession, so great was the heat that a number of persons were affected by it, and fell dead in the crowd.

CHAPTER VI

QUENTIN MATSYS

I HAVE already spoken of tendencies and natural leanings, that were opposed either by Destiny herself or by the will of parents, if not by necessity or other causes; with the result that it often happens that men who seem verily to be created for the arts are squandered and lost in some manual profession. From the moment, however, that they are free to follow their natural bent, and to embrace, albeit late in the day, the artistic career, they are seen to progress in a surprising manner and to reap great fruits. The life of the celebrated Polidoro Caravaggio furnishes a good example of this; and we see a fresh proof in the career of Quentin Matsys, the painter of Antwerp, who has received the nickname of Quentin the Blacksmith, because he practised that trade up till his twentieth year, and indeed some say later, and until he was thirty.

Matsys, the first of our famous Flemish artists to make his home in the city of Antwerp, later to become the home of so famous and numerous a school, came of a family of artisans, being the second child of a locksmith, Josse Matsys of Louvain. The father must have been a highly skilled workman and possessed of considerable taste; for in 1473 the Council of Aldermen gave him, as a mark of their esteem and as an encouragement in his work, an annual present of five ells of black cloth to make a ceremonial robe. The two sons learnt their father's trade and worked every day at the forge, like their father before them, and when he died the widow continued to carry on his business with their aid. Josse, the elder brother, became a very skilled workman, and in 1481 the municipality named him clock-maker to the commune, paying him a wage of twenty livres a year.

His brother, who was only sixteen years of age when their father died, helped as well as he was able; and he must, even at that age, have shown remarkable skill, for it is said that he was the maker of the cover of the font in the Church of St. Peter, and also of the wrought iron support with the ornaments which served to lift it. The canons of the church were so well satisfied with this proof of young Quentin's skill, that they ordered from him an altar dais of similar workmanship and design. The young smith fashioned

this in the form of a bunch of grapes, wreathed in its leaves, among which ran and climbed a number of little animals. This was so admirably done that other churches of Louvain, and a number of the monasteries in the surrounding neighbourhood, soon after commissioned the young man to do work for them.

But in spite of these early successes, the business of the smithy did not bring in more than a poor livelihood for them; and as his brother had recently married, Quentin made up his mind to move with his mother to Antwerp, where he hoped in the great capital to obtain numerous works to carry out, and with his skill to get better prices for them. To this city they accordingly went, where they took a lodging in the Street of the Tanners, one of those old and narrow streets, bordered with ancient houses, adorned with carven beams and many windows, which still wind through Antwerp, and where even the midsummer sun only pierces in a few bright patches. The figure of an ape surmounted the door and gave a name to the house, after the Flemish custom of the time

Matsys was at this time a fine-looking young man, with regular and masculine features, large expressive eyes, and curling hair. His large shoulders and massive hands all bore witness to great personal strength.

He worked courageously, bringing all his earnings to his mother; and sustained by their love for one another, they patiently bore the trials of their life and the difficulties of their early existence in Antwerp. In the evenings or on Sunday they would gather about their fire of peat, and give themselves up to hopeful dreams—hopes destined in time to be realised, for day by day Matsys became stronger and more skilful at his trade. With his powerful hands he twisted and bent the iron, making graceful and varied shapes with it. Already his works were noticed by the public, and his skill was a matter for gossip among the neighbours.

It was at this time that he was charged with the fashioning of a top to the well in the square of Notre Dame. Spurred on by such a fine opportunity, he wished to show a skill which would astonish the whole town. Having therefore made a sketch of the plan of the whole, he chose a piece of metal, and undertook, in the presence of his fellow-smiths, to hammer the work from a single piece, and with the aid of one instrument only. He succeeded in doing what he wished; the well still bears the cover which

he executed for it. The branches of iron interlace and spread out into leaves, covered with fruit, and meet together above. Upon the top is a figure of the giant Druon, who tyrannised over sailors, making them pay him as a tax the halfvalue of their merchandise, and who used to cut off their right hand if they attempted to deceive him, and throw it into the Scheldt. Matsys has represented him at the moment of performing this barbarous act. He is clothed in armour and bears a sort of spear in one hand.

In the midst of this work, however, Quentin was taken with a long and serious illness. He was quite unable to return to the forge or to earn anything,—he who lived with his poor mother and helped to provide for her needs. His sufferings continued, and their purse grew daily more and more empty. In this plight he would often speak of his great anxiety to those of his friends who came to see him, and say how it grieved him to be lying there stretched on a bed, helpless and unable to earn anything at all.

However, after a short time the sickness somewhat abated, and he was able to raise himself up a little. It was then near Easter-time and the carnival was being celebrated, and troops of maskers were going about the various parts of the town to the music of their instruments. Now it was an ancient custom in the city of Antwerp at that time of the year, for the Lazarists, and other religious bodies who devoted themselves to nursing the sick, to go through the town carrying a great torch of wood, carved and painted and ornamented with mouldings and glass work, and to distribute among the children images of the saints engraved on wood and brilliantly coloured; and they therefore needed a great number of these small, coloured images. So it happened that when one of the brotherhood went to see poor Quentin as he lay helpless, and counselled him to take to colouring some of these images, and so earn a little money without tiring himself too much, the idea pleased him and he determined to try his hand at the work. By this modest beginning he showed what things he was capable of, and not only was his new occupation not disagreeable to him, but it captivated him. Being a born painter, and having by an accident taken up the brush, it was an easy matter for him to attract attention. The images were bought with extraordinary eagerness; never had the little children had such beautiful ones. Matsys made a virtue of necessity, and no doubt made some more considerable attempts than

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these; but his strength returning, and his purse being empty, he abandoned his sketches for a more remunerative occupation.

And now that he was once more back at his old work, it chanced that he became enamoured of a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a picture collector named Van Tuylt. But Quentin was unfortunately not the only suitor; she was also wooed by a painter, whose profession appealed with greater force to the father, who wished, above all things, that he should marry his daughter. But the girl herself preferred Matsys, and longed in her inmost heart that the painter had been a smith and the smith a painter. Matsys realised this, and swore that he would win the girl. And, therefore, working only at the forge as much as would earn for him and his mother enough to live upon, he bought chalk and brushes, and set to work to paint and study art with redoubled energy.

This is the story told by Lampsonius, in the Latin verse which he placed beneath the portrait of the painter, wherein he makes Quentin say: "I was formerly a rude Cyclops; but as a painter also came courting my love, and as she reproached me, saying that the ringing anvil pleased her less than the noiseless brush, the might of love made

me a painter. A little anvil in my portrait shows the truth of this."

A slight incident decided his marriage with Alice van Tuylt. One day he was together with his future father-in-law in an upper chamber of the latter's house, and the amateur was showing him a sketch that he had made. While they were talking together about it, Van Tuylt was called away on some business which kept him away for a considerable time. Matsys took advantage of his absence to paint upon the cheek of the person in the picture a large fly. This was imitated with such extraordinary skill that it produced a deception. The owner of the house returned, saw the insect installed in the most beautiful part of his work and made an angry movement to brush it away, but the insect remained immovable. Seeing his mistake he demanded to know who had played him this trick. "Do you think," asked Matsys, laughing, "that the painter capable of deceiving you in this way would be worthy of possessing your daughter?" "If he did not win her," said the art-lover, "it would not be through lack of deserving." "Very well," replied Quentin, "it was I who painted the insect, and if you doubt it I will paint a dozen more beside this one."

The old man was delighted with the trick, and Quentin having given him more serious proofs of his great powers, the old man consented to the marriage, to the joy of both the young people.

Once he had taken up painting again Quentin did not forsake it; every day his powers strengthened, and he gave evidence of an extreme origin-The Flemish love of reality was strong in him, and led him to represent with pleasure scenes from everyday life; and in a town where commerce flourished as it did at Antwerp he had many opportunities of studying strange types, such as misers, money-lenders and usurers of all sorts, who spent their whole lives weighing their gold, and found nothing so sweet as the chink of precious metal. In the Louvre may be seen a picture representing a scene of this kind, where a money-changer or banker sits at a table with his wife, counting over the money which has just been paid over to him. The coins are so wonderfully painted that it is possible to recognise the value of each. With his left hand he is weighing those pieces which seem to him to be doubtful in a little balance. His face shows a curious mixture of attention and cupidity. By his side sits his wife, a very gracious person. She wears a head-dress of foreign type, and is turning over

the pages of an illuminated book; but she watches her husband with more interest than she has in the book. Her eyebrows are raised with a look of languid curiosity. In a little mirror placed in front of the couple are seen reflected, in an ingenious way, the window of the room, and the head and shoulders of a person outside the picture; this is the debtor who has just discharged his debt. He is well dressed, and evidently a person of some position in the world. He leans on the window-ledge and waits anxiously while the banker counts over the money. The banker's hands, long and thin and pointed, like those of an animal ever in search of prey, are painted with extraordinary care. Behind the woman is an open door, through which one can see a grotesque couple who are arguing angrily in the middle of a court.

This picture gave rise once to a curious mistake. The changer is clothed in a green stuff, the front of which seems to be fixed by a band of red leather, furnished with nails. Some Neapolitan amateurs who had come to see the picture admired it greatly, but one of them pointed out that it had been spoiled by some one having driven nails into the man's coat.

On the whole this is not to be wondered at,

for upon the same bureau there is to be seen a crystal cup, with a cover and a golden base, and immediately beside it a black velvet purse lying open and filled with pearls, and there are also weights and measures and other small objects, and all these things are so beautifully done that you would think they were real.

The story of Quentin's family is curious, and shows the state of affairs in the Low Countries under the rule of Charles V. Josse Matsys, Quentin's brother, whom he had left at Louvain in charge of the forge, although well esteemed in his native town, was poorly enough off, and had a struggle to live. He had a daughter, named Catherine, who married the sculptor Jan Beyaerts, who was employed upon works in the Church of St. Peter. In 1542 the couple were suspected of Protestantism, together with forty-one others, and were accordingly arrested in their house to be judged before a commission. Catherine Matsys was questioned about her reading, her opinions, and her friendships with evil-thinking people. She replied with readiness and firmness, and gave no hold to the hounds of the Inquisition. But her husband, who was questioned on the following day, unfortunately did not show the same presence of mind, and the judges had no difficulty in making him confess to his indiscretions. He was ten or twelve years younger than his wife, and seems to have been a feeble enough character. The pair were both put to the torture accordingly, and under the suffering the judges obtained certain revelations; but as the details did not seem sufficient, the holy tribunal ordered that they should undergo fresh torture.

Beyaerts, having refused to reply to crossexamination, was put to the trial by water. Bound to a bench with his feet and hands attached to blocks, which were gradually widened until his whole body was stretched, he was compelled by force to swallow a glass of water each time that his limbs were drawn out, at the risk of dislocating his joints. He soon begged for mercy and made confessions. Terrified by the memory of her first torture, the niece of Quentin had no courage to bear further pain, and confessed that she believed neither in the transubstantiation, nor in purgatory, nor in the infallibility of the Pope. The two accused were extremely poor, possessing nothing but the house in which they lived, and having seven children, and they had been receiving small alms, a sou, two sous, three sous. could move the butchers who questioned them;

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and on the 11th of June they unanimously condemned Jan Beyaerts to have his head cut off in the great square, and his wife to be buried alive. Their poor dwelling, the sole resource of their orphaned children, was confiscated, and these latter were declared vagabonds. On the following day, one Antoinette Roesmals, belonging to a distinguished family of the town, was condemned to the same fate as Catherine Matsys. The three unfortunates were led to the great square in the midst of a sombre and indignant crowd. The head of Jan Beyaerts fell; then the two women were laid together in a ditch, with their faces turned to the sky, and, without even protecting these with a kerchief, the executioners smothered them with the earth which they gradually heaped over them.

CHAPTER VII

PEASANT BRUEGHEL

BORN in the midst of a time when almost all Flemish painters were turning towards Italy for their inspiration, and the Flemish school was rapidly losing all its national character, Peeter Brueghel is a notable figure, as the one painter who kept alive the earlier traditions, and who shows no sign of the Southern influence which was destroying his fellows. He sought around him in his own home the subjects and models for his pictures, and copied nature only. No painter ever possessed in a more wonderful degree the faculty of close and minute observation. A merchant for whom he painted a number of his works, by name Jan Frankert, was one of his greatest friends, and the pair would often make off into the country together, dressed up like peasants, and there they would go and take part in all the feasts and marriages and merrymakings of the village folk. They would even pretend that they were related to the bride or the bridegroom at a wedding, and would offer them presents to keep up the deception. In this way Brueghel had an opportunity of watching closely, and unobserved, the country ways, how the peasants ate, drank, danced and gesticulated. All these things he would store up in his memory, which was marvellously retentive, later on to reproduce them with extraordinary truth and minuteness, either in oil-painting or tempera, which ancient method pleased him greatly. He faithfully reproduced the costumes, and drew in an amazing manner the poses, the walk, the expressions and clumsiness of the villagers.

Peeter Brueghel the elder, called Boeren or Peasant Brueghel to distinguish him from his sons and grandson, who were also painters, though of far less merit, was born in the village of Brueghel on the banks of the Dommel, south of Bois-leduc. From his earliest infancy he had constantly before his eyes the subjects which he was afterwards to paint, for his parents were tillers of the soil and cow-herds. It was from Peeter Koeck of Alost that he learnt the rudiments of drawing and painting. In his studio a great affection sprang up between the young Brueghel and Koeck's little daughter, whom he would often hold in his arms, dreaming one day of



THE SHEPHERD
(After the painting by Pieter Brueghel, now in the Imperial Museum, Vienna)

making her his wife. Koeck his master had himself passed through an adventurous youth. He had been a pupil of Bernard van Orley, and had in the usual way gone on a journey to Italy. On his return certain carpet merchants who lived at Brussels put it into his head to go to Constantinople, thinking that he might sell some of their goods to the Sultan. In fact, he had even already done some cartoons for this sort of work, the manner of doing which he had learnt from his master, Van Orley. But unfortunately neither he nor the merchants knew that the religion of the Mahommedans strictly forbids them to reproduce in any way the forms of men or of beasts. Thus it came about that Koeck's journey was all for nothing, and no one in the country would so much as look at his work. But talented men do not overlook any opportunity; and so, making a virtue of necessity, Koeck stayed for a year in Constantinople, drawing the town and the surrounding country, the types and costumes, troops and ceremonies. Among these works was a Turkish wedding, where the attendants were leading the bride to the bridegroom, and a picture of the Sultan issuing out surrounded by his janissaries. These he engraved upon wood on his return.

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After leaving this master Brueghel went to study under Jerome Cock. But whatever may have been the reason of his leaving his first master, the truth is that he did not form his style upon either artist, but gave himself up to the study of the strange and fantastic works of Jerome Bosch, which always had a great fascination for him. Bosch himself was a native of Bois-le-duc, and it may be that his work had become familiar to Brueghel from his early childhood, and long before he ever held a brush in his hand. Many of Brueghel's engravings show a strong resemblance to the work of Bosch, but in reality he has a far greater power of observation, and his work shows a truth to nature far beyond that of the earlier painter. Bosch in his engravings shows the most lawless and unrestrained fancy, and also in his paintings, and this even when the subject is a religious one.

Brueghel, though so national in the character of his work, was not a stay-at-home artist. Like all the painters of his day he visited France and crossed the Alps into Italy. Everywhere he drew from nature; in the midst of the mountains he made crowds of sketches of the pine-woods, great lakes, deep valleys, high summits covered with snow, immense distances, soft clouds,

cascades and châlets; all these things he drew. These studies he used later on for the back-grounds of his pictures.

He was then in his eighteenth year; and he travelled on through the length of Italy, and even as far as Naples, of which he painted two views. The first shows a naval combat in progress; in the second an immense fleet has just arrived in the port, and beyond the town one sees Vesuvius.

When he returned from his wanderings he settled upon Antwerp as his future home, and it was there that he made the acquaintance of Jan Bankert. In 1551 he was received into the Guild of St. Luke. He was of a quiet and thoughtful nature, speaking but little; but when in the company of others he was a source of much merriment by the pranks he played. He would dress up as a ghost and prowl about making strange sounds, which caused terror among credulous folk.

At Antwerp he lived with a young girl, who was both his servant and mistress. He would, indeed, willingly have made her his wife, if it had not been that she was cursed with one dreadful fault. Nothing could prevent her from lying on every occasion, in season and out of

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season. She seemed to have a loathing for the truth; making up stories was a necessary part of her existence, and making fools of her hearers. Neither detection, nor menaces, nor prayers had any effect on her; and Brueghel at length grew so weary of her tricks and her eternal lies that he made up his mind to put an end to it. He hit upon a plan that would give some reason for breaking off their union. Having bought a fairly long baker's tally, he let her know that every time she told a lie in future he would cut a notch upon it; and that if he reached the end of it, not only would there be no further question of marriage between them, but they would cease to live together. This arrangement, however, had not the slightest effect upon the girl. The notches on the tally increased daily, and the uncut part grew smaller and smaller, but the silly girl could not hold her tongue, and the threatened time of separation soon came.

Once he had got rid of her, Brueghel started to look about for some one to take her place. The daughter of his former master, Koeck, was then living at Brussels with the painter's widow, Marie Bessemers. He had been used of old to hold her in his arms when she was a child, and

he asked himself what there was to prevent him now from renewing the friendship. He therefore went to visit her again, and eventually proposed that she should become his wife. He was accepted, but none the less the girl feared that he might still have a weakness for his former mistress, and therefore she stipulated that he should come and live in Brussels. To this he consented, and the marriage took place in 1563.

Brueghel, as I have said, painted a number of fantastic and grotesque works, but full also of an extraordinary truth of observation and detail. One of the best known of these is now in the gallery at Naples. It is an illustration of the saying from the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew: "The blind leadeth the blind, and they both fall into the ditch." Brueghel has represented six blind men, and the two foremost seem to be leading the others; but the first of them has just fallen on his back into the ditch, and the second is evidently in the act of following him thither. The scene takes place in a beautiful landscape of flat Dutch meadows, with a church in the middle distance. The unfortunate men are seen advancing in single file with trembling steps. Each one clasps the shoulder or the staff of the one in front, and

upon their upturned faces is a look of misery, as though they had just heard the formidable splash of their leader in the ditch, and that they foresaw the fate ahead of them.

In another of his paintings, now to be seen at Vienna, we look at a representation of the tower of Babel, which lies in the valley some distance below us, but the summit stretches above into the clouds. Tier upon tier the immense structure towers up, painted in extraordi-. nary detail, and showing the most curious and unusual imagination. Tiny figures are to be seen everywhere at work upon the building; and in the near foreground, amid the piles of stone, stands Nimrod, the conceiver of it all, the king of Sennaar, to whom a slave bows low before he reports to him the progress of the work. Everywhere in Brueghel's work is to be found evidence of an extremely original mind and imagination, able to contemplate and to study profitably the work of other artists, without ever being tempted to imitate them. It speaks much for the force of his mind and his independence, that although he made a long stay in Italy his work shows not the least trace of Italian influence. And, indeed, there were among his rivals at Bruges other men also who

Preter Brueghel the Elder

WINTER LANDSCAPE WITH HUNTSMEN (Imferial Museum, Vienna)

still kept alive the earlier traditions of the Flemish school; belated followers of the manner of the Van Eycks and of Memling, long after the public mind had turned to other ideals. But the work of these latter, such as Peeter Pourbus and Peeter Claessens, is not a vigorous growth founded upon the study of nature, like that of Brueghel, but rather a repetition of what had already been done by others.

There exists in the Vienna Gallery the most wonderful collection of Brueghel's work, and it is there that his great gifts as a colourist and a minute observer of nature may be best seen. One of the most beautiful of these paintings is the "Winter," wherein we see a party of huntsmen setting out through the snow, accompanied by their dogs. Beyond them, and down below in the valley, is a large pond or lake, where a number of peasants are skating. The leafless trees that stand out sharply against the dark wintry sky, the birds perched in the branches, everything in the picture, is painted with brilliant colour and marvellous truth of observation. The snow is realised with extreme power, and the whole remains one of the most intense representations of winter in existence.

CHAPTER VIII

FRANZ FLORIS

THE Italian painters, and, above all, the secondrate ones, have recourse in painting the nude to a soft and diffused manner, which dispenses with drawing the muscles clearly. Thus it happens that they are often lacking in the matter of effect, just as excess of leanness is the failing in our Flemish painting, which latter none the less demands a deep knowledge of anatomy, of the muscles, sinews and veins. Nevertheless, the works of the mighty Michelangelo are marked by a conscientious study of anatomy, and by a beautiful muscular contour, showing great knowledge, and also showing that so great a master deemed this necessary in order to arrive at the most perfect expression of beauty.

Among the artists of antiquity also one sees in the study of the forms the differences arising from the age of the figures represented. Beside a delicately-built Antinous is a vigorous Hercules, a nervous Laocoon; from which one concludes that such a variety may very well be found in the same work, acording as the subject demands it. None the less, there are those who blame the Laocoon for its dry manner, and that by sheer ignorance, for they forget the appearance of old men whose bodies lose their suppleness with age and get thinner.

It is also for the dryness of his work that some persons blame the work of Franz Floris, who was a great honour to art in these lands. I refer, above all, to Italians, who judge him exclusively by his prints, which are not like paintings, but leave out of account many things.

Franz Floris came of a good family of Antwerp, his grandfather being Jean de Vriendt, a burgess of the city. This latter had two sons, Cornelius and Claude, the first of whom became a stone-cutter, and the latter a sculptor, whose work is still to be seen in Antwerp. Cornelius had four sons, all of whom were unusually distinguished in various branches of the graphic arts. Cornelius was an admirable sculptor and architect; Jakob was a very good glass painter; Jan Floris a very famous maker of faïence, who had not his equal in all the Low Countries, and who was invited on account of his merits to Spain by the King, where he died; and lastly Franz Floris, the excellent

painter of whom we shall speak. And this last, whom fate had predestined to excel in painting, started life as a sculptor, and as a maker of copper images to be placed upon tombs.

But since it had pleased nature to allow him to follow his true vocation, hardly had he attained his twentieth year than he set out for Liège, where he became the pupil of the famous Lambert Lombard, a painter of that city, whose manner he followed very closely, and which he kept to all his life, as can readily be seen when one compares the works of the two masters. Indeed, I have heard the following story told concerning this matter.

Lambert happened to go one day on a visit to his pupil at Antwerp, at whose house he was hospitably received. Whilst they were feasting and making merry, he got up from the table unperceived of the others, and made his way up to the studio, where the pupils of Floris were at work, and this without being recognised by any of them.

After having looked round at the work he found there for some time, he started talking about Floris, pouring the greatest abuse upon him, and saying that from his earliest childhood he had been a thieving vagabond. Whereupon the pupils, hearing such disparaging things said

about their well-loved master, began to murmur among themselves, and became much angered and excited against Lambert; to such an extent that they would have done him bodily injury had he not given them an explanation of his words, saying that Franz, who was his own pupil, had robbed him of his art, even as the Greek painter Apollodorus said that the art of painting had been filched from him, and that Zeuxis was the thief.

Accordingly, when Lombard rejoined the company in the room below, he asked Franz Floris what manner of folk he kept in his studio, adding that they had all but set upon him and thrashed him. And then he related his little adventure, which caused much merriment, and highly praised the pupils for having so energetically taken the part of their master.

Being deeply devoted to his art, Floris set off for Italy, and passed his time in Rome, drawing everything that would be likely to be of service to him, and making a number of red chalk drawings after the "Last Judgment" of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel, and also from antique figures; drawings which were most vigorously handled, and of which I have seen several copies; for certain of his pupils had secretly obtained possession of these drawings, and had made reproductions of

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them, which passed from hand to hand, and which are still to be met with.

On his return to the Low Countries, Floris soon proved himself by his work to be a great master, winning the admiration of his fellowartists and of all connoisseurs, and chiefly because his paintings had been placed, on account of their merit, in public places. And at the outset he brought to his work much application and care; just as in his discourse he gave proof of fine intelligence on whatever subject he spoke—religion, philosophy, or poetry.

Later on, when riches and abundance began to reign in his house by reason of the money which his well-rewarded labours brought him, when he began to go into the society of princes and great lords, and was led on by some of them, he began to fritter away his time, became a debauchee, and fell into the great national failing, the love of drink; and, traitor to his art as to his noble intellect, became as noted a drunkard as he was painter.

Numbers of people reproached him for his dissolute habits, notably the poet Dirck Volckaertz Coornhert, who even wrote him a letter, in which he said that the great Albrecht Dürer had appeared to him in a dream in the form of a

noble old man, and had praised Floris highly as an artist, but had severely condemned his manner of living. In concluding he said, "If that which I have dreamed is not true, believe at least that it has been told you in all sincerity."

I shall here tell with much regret certain of the stories that are related of him and his bacchanalian exploits, and I trust in doing so to find them rather condemned than admired and imitated by those who practise our art, hoping, above all, that youth, however great its tendencies thereto, should not aspire to renown of that kind; even though amongst us, of Germanic race as we are, drunkenness is not looked upon as a shameful and damnable vice, but in certain places the power of heavy drinking is upheld as a great merit to be boasted of. Amongst other intelligent peoples this coarse habit is regarded as the most degrading thing in the world, considered as a bestial and degrading vice, and justly named the origin of all ill-will and brutality.

Now it happened that Franz, having become renowned by his art, and highly esteemed among people in high positions—knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece, the Prince of Orange, the Counts of Egmont and Horne, and others—became very intimate with those persons, who

frequently came to drink wine at his house and amuse themselves. His wife, Claire Floris, was at times shrewish, and gave herself haughty, overbearing airs, showed herself extremely morose towards her husband's visitors, having no regard either for persons or for things, for it was a matter of equal indifference to her whether she was rude to the Countesses of Egmont and Horne or her servants and waiting-women; and this had the effect of chilling the feelings of her kindly and lovable husband, and irritated his sensitive mind. It is said that it was she who was the first cause of his irregular life by her self-willed and arrogant manners.

In the very lap of luxury and prosperity, in the large and beautiful house which she occupied on the Place de Meir at Antwerp, not as a lessee but as owner absolutely, under a pretence that the kitchen chimney smoked a little, she would for ever be complaining, and saying that she had no intention of finishing her days in such a hole, with the result that poor Franz was at length driven to purchase a piece of land in the hospital meadows, and there to erect a sumptuous dwelling, of which his brother Cornelius was the architect.

This house, or, as it would be better described,

this palace, with its doors and its columns of blue stone, carved in the form of the classic orders, swallowed up not only the money they had received for the sale of their former house, but in addition five thousand florins which Franz had placed in the Schitz bank, and as well as this all the money that he was able to borrow. Worse than this, he not alone neglected his work, but, having daily provided a great feast, he invited thereto all the workmen and overseers of the works, increasing his rentals and his debts, adding to the salaries and hindering the progress of the work at the same time. Kind and improvident to excess, he had ever around him too many parasites and gormandisers, who did their utmost to ruin him by eating up his substance.

Dame Claire, his wife, and Jakob, his brother, frequently had wordy conflicts, even though the brother was a most witty fellow and always ready to yield, and, without getting in the least bit angry, to turn his sister-in-law's words into a joke, so much did he love the wine-cup, when he could enjoy it without paying for it.

Occasionally Dame Floris would take him to task crying, "You again; you will make beggars of us all, gorging yourself here at our expense.

I don't wish to see anything more of you!" and other language of the same kind. But he, for love of the bottle and of good cheer, bore it all calmly and turned the discussion off into a jest. "Assuredly, my good sister," he would say laughingly, "any one who did not know you would believe that you had the greatest dislike for me. Happily I know how to interpret your words, and I translate them as follows: 'Dear brother, you are such an original creature that we know well that we could not exist or be happy without your presence; come therefore every day to see us, for you are always sure of a welcome. I also know, my dear sister, that if I did not come of my own accord, you would have me fetched by main force, and would be furious at my absence." And she would reply, "Be silent! I don't know what to say to get rid of you, and make you stay at home in your own house." now," he would reply, "this also means that you wish that I should live with you, that I should come back again, or that the days alone are not enough to satisfy you with my society, and that I must even add the nights as well."

In short, if Dame Floris said one thing, Jakob turned it into something else, so that the company, including Dame Floris herself, ended by laughing; for she, like Jakob, was not a stranger to laughter.

Such ways of going on, combined with an irregular life, drew many often undeserved reproaches upon poor Floris's head. Not that he did not bitterly deplore his lost time, and his having got into such a pernicious course, for he frequently admonished his children and his pupils to work, and to pray Heaven to give them the power of application to work. "Even though in my old age I am a spendthrift," he would say, "when I was a young man I often used to pray God that I might win my salvation by hard work."

He bitterly repented having fallen by his negligence and improvidence, recalling to himself the fact that, before he started on his downward course, he had an annual income of at least a thousand florins—a large sum in those days—and that now he no longer had anything but debts; which he would none the less have paid by his work, but that he was, it seems, too fast anchored in his habits, and could not give up his love of drink nor leave his companions, for all the devotees of Bacchus sought his society.

His powers of resistance were so well known

that one day six famous tipplers, valiant carousers of Brussels, jealous of his widespread renown, arrived at Antwerp, expressly to put to the proof those powers of absorption which they had heard Floris possessed, and to enter the lists with him. Floris came so well out of the trial, that half-way through the bout he had put three of the carousers under the table; the other three kept their legs longer. None the less, at the end, seeing that two of them began to have some difficulty in speaking, Franz took fresh courage, and put them both under the table with draughts from a vast handt houwer, or Frankfort tumbler. There was now one left who still held out; but nevertheless he was compelled to surrender, and in leaving the inn, while Floris was assisting him as far as the place where his horse was waiting, and five or six pupils were standing bare-headed, the painter ordered a final jug of wine to be brought, to show how steady he was on his feet; for, standing on one leg, he emptied the jug at a single draught to the health of the vanquished champion; and that done, jumping astride his white horse, he triumphantly rode back to his house.

On another occasion, finding himself in the

company of the elders and members of the Guild of the Cloth-merchants of Antwerp, to the number of thirty persons, who all of them drank his health, he drank sixty times to their twice each—a thing which would seem absolutely incredible if he had not related it himself to one of his pupils in the evening as he was getting into bed, in his room hung with gilded leather.

In fact, his pupils were in the habit of assisting him to bed; two of them would always be there to help him to undress and to take off his stockings and shoes. He continually had in hand a number of great and important works, altar-pieces, and other pictures. Among these the most important was the triptych for the altar of St. Michael, patron of the fencers, at Notre-Dame in Antwerp. It was a "Fall of Lucifer," extraordinarily well conceived and skilfully painted, and made to astonish artists and amateurs alike. In it is to be seen an amazing entanglement of demons, the naked bodies of which serve as a pretext for an unusually careful and intelligent study of the muscles, tendons, and so forth. There also is to be seen the dragon with seven heads, of terrifying and venomous appearance. Upon one of the wings was the portrait of the master of the Guild of Swordsmen,

holding in his hand a sword; he was surrounded by a sombre-coloured cloud, which produced a curious effect. These wings are, however, no longer in existence.

At Ghent, in the Church of St. John, one could see four double wings in the chapel of the Abbé of St. Bavon, which the Abbé Lucas had commissioned, representing inside the "History of St. Luke"; on the outside, the "Virgin seated," with the child Jesus in her lap, an angel with a halo coming from above. On the other side one saw the "Abbé Lucas kneeling," painted from nature, and an admirable portrait, in which Franz proved that if he had wished he could have been one of the greatest of portrait painters. It was a vigorous old man's head. The Abbé was clothed in his monasterial robes and near him was his mitre; at his feet lay a great spaniel, so well painted that, as I have seen with my own eyes, living dogs would come and sniff at it, for we had these wings hanging in the studio of Lucas de Heere, who had rescued them from the hands of the iconoclasts, and they daily served us as models for our studies.

It seems, in fact, that the heads and the nudes must have cost much time and labour, and especially when one looks at them from some distance. In this way one notices things which, close to, are scarcely visible, and others even which pass completely unseen. Floris had an extremely skilful manner of treating the hair, and he modelled well, giving a great effect of relief to his figures, and also painted his backgrounds with great care. And, indeed, he gave good proofs of his skill at the time when Charles V. made his entry into Antwerp in the year 1549; for, being employed on some decorative works for that occasion, he painted a number of large figures, each day to the number of seven, giving only seven hours to the work, and receiving for each figure one pound Flemish money; and he continued in the same way during the space of five weeks.

And when he was working for his pupils, these brought him in as much as eighteen or twenty florins a day; and besides he lay abed late in the mornings, scarcely starting work before nine o'clock, stopping in the evening at seven, after having none the less done plenty of good work.

When King Philip came in his turn to Antwerp, Floris carried out, in the space of a single day, a vast canvas representing "Victory surrounded by Captives and Trophies," a composition of which he also did a very remarkable etching. He was

very skilful in the presentment of accessories of all kinds, antique chairs, carved or plaited, vases, instruments, shoes, slippers, helmets, and so on. Upon the front of his house he had represented Painting, and the other liberal arts, in a sort of imitation of the colour of bronze.

The works of Floris have been scattered abroad in many countries, as well in Spain as elsewhere, and speak his merit. He was a man deeply devoted to his art. One would see him come into his studio more than half-drunk, take up his brush, and get through a considerable amount of painting, seeming more alert and more animated when at work, for he used to say over and over again: "When I work I am alive; when I give myself up to pleasure, I die." Our young painters might well take this lesson to heart, and suit their conduct accordingly.

Floris became a member of the Guild of Painters in 1539, and died in 1570, when he had barely attained his fiftieth year. He received an honourable burial on St. Francis' Day. He left behind him sons who also embraced the artistic career. One, Baptiste Floris, was killed in a most pitiable manner by the Spaniards at Brussels. Before his death, Franz Floris had the misfortune to witness the destruction of almost all his works. He died

only four years after the barbarous devastations of the iconoclasts; for these riots commenced in the year 1566 on the 14th of August, when a frantic crowd of workmen, builders and peasants, and among them a sprinkling of beggars, thieves, and prostitutes, to the number of some three or four hundred, armed with hatchets, hammers, ladders and ropes, rushed along the road towards Weckelgem, an abbey lying between Menin and Courtray. Arrived there they proceeded to tear down the gates, and rushed, shrieking with delight, into the church. They tore down pictures from the altars, stamping on them and tearing them in pieces; the statues in the niches, the wood-carvings, all were scattered in small fragments on the ground. They then proceeded to smash all the stained-glass windows, and even disfigured the gravestones, and stole the sacred vessels from the altars. At Belle they continued their work of destruction; and, in fact, every church which the mad ruffians caught sight of, near or far off, they subjected to the same treatment. Crowds of peasants and others came to swell their numbers; and, delighted with their fiendish work of destruction, the rabble made off towards Ypres, which at that time was the home of a number of Protestants. In broad daylight they marched into

the town, and, making for the cathedral, they plundered and destroyed everything that they could lay their hands on. Menin, Commines and Werwick in turn fell into the hands of the madmen, and the splendid abbey of Marquette. But upon the road between Lille and Douay a terrible punishment awaited them; for Robert de Longueval, lord of La Tour, and the lord of Villers-Lalleu, provosts of Marchiennes, hastily calling together a band of peasants and soldiers, fell upon the rabble, and, having massacred the larger part of them, drove the rest into the river Scarpe, where they were drowned.

But unfortunately this was but the beginning of the Calvinist riots, which have lost to us such an incalculable number of priceless works of art, so that scarcely a town or village in the length and breadth of the land but has suffered pillage and destruction of the most merciless kind. Unfortunately, in cases where the mayors and governors of the towns appealed to the citizens for aid against the iconoclasts, they only found them in entire sympathy with the work of destruction. In some places even, the lords of the manor opened the churches and religious buildings to them, and furnished them with the tools and weapons they needed.

Franz Floris formed a number of excellent pupils, and in this respect at least he surpasses all other painters who have lived in the Low Countries, for in all the countries of Christendom a good number of the best masters were disciples of his. I had on one occasion a conversation with Franz Menton of Alkmaar, his former disciple, on the subject of this, and the circumstance that nowadays the best masters train so few good people. According to him the reason of it was to be found in the works of great size which Franz always had on hand, and on the preparation of which he employed his pupils.

When he had made for them a chalk sketch of his idea, he let them work at it in their own way, saying, "Adapt to this work such and such a head;" for he had in his own work-room a number of sketches on panel. In this manner they gained courage and skill, and soon they themselves dared to paint large canvases conceived and executed according to their own feelings.

In fact, the most talented and promising youths came to apprentice themselves to him, those who for a considerable time had been studying with others and had made some progress in the practice of their art. One day certain of his old pupils, talking among themselves, recalled to mind the

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names of more than a hundred and twenty artists who had passed through his studio. One of these, Herman van der Mast, after the death of Floris, went to live with Frans Francken, and made a copy after Floris of a "Christ bearing His Cross," in which Christ rested His hand on a whitish cross; and as it happened that an insect came and settled on this cross—a spider with long legs—he imitated it in the picture, with all the shadows and down to the smallest detail. The master, coming up to the studio, said to the pupil: "I can see that you have not been working very hard, since the spiders come and make a mess of your painting," and he took his hat to drive the insect away. When it did not move he saw that it was a painted one, and, full of confusion, advised him to leave it.

On the next day Van der Mast showed the thing to his fellow-pupil Geldorp and told him how their master had been taken in, saying jokingly that Zeuxis had only deceived birds, but that he had deceived his own master. But Geldorp would not believe anything of it until he had himself seen the thing.

CHAPTER IX

BARTHELEMY SPRANGHER

NATURE shows herself at times so prodigal of her favours towards certain men, giving them the means of succeeding as though without effort and of becoming illustrious in a direction in which so many others, despite their pains and their weariness, never succeed in passing the bounds of mediocrity, that one is compelled to believe that, in the domain of painting, no one can truly reign but by right of birth. It would indeed be easy for me to prove this by the example of the famous Antwerp master Sprangher, on whom nature bestowed colours and brushes in his earliest youth.

And it was in Antwerp, long celebrated as the birthplace of so great a crowd of famous men, that Barthelemy Sprangher first saw the light, on Palm Sunday in the year 1546. He came of a distinguished family, his father being Joachim Sprangher and his mother Anne Roelandts. His father, a pious, honest, and sagacious

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man, had travelled over a great part of the world, staying for several years in Italy, and in his youth he had travelled in Africa with his uncle, who was a Roman merchant, and who had done much trading at the time when the Emperor Charles V. went to raise the siege of Tunis.

In fact, the long sojourn which Sprangher's father had made in Rome had given him the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a number of the Flemish artists in that city, among others with Michael Coxcie, a painter of Mechlin, so that he was not a complete stranger to things artistic.

Barthelemy, his third son, when he was about twelve years of age, showed so remarkable a gift for drawing that no paper could be kept free from his sketches, not even the pages of his father's ledgers and account books, in which, facing the entries of bales of cotton and silk and the like, were to be seen rows of soldiers with drums, stags pursued by the hounds, and so on. At length the father lost patience with him, seeing that he showed no aptitude whatever for business, and spent all his time drawing and scribbling in the ledgers. He called Barthelemy to him, for he knew well that it was

he who was the author of the sketches, his brothers having no aptitude of the kind, and he administered a sound punishment, hoping to turn his mind to something else—but a father's anger is seldom of long duration. Barthelemy went out into the street, lamenting his ill fortune, and there he met his old friend Jan Mandyn, a painter of Haarlem, who made droll paintings after the manner of Jerome Bosch, to whom he confided his troubles. As the result of their talk, it was agreed from that day forth that the young man should go to work with Mandyn, who was at that time without an apprentice; and thus it came about that Sprangher began to study the art of painting. Mandyn was already advanced in years, and Sprangher had hardly been with him eighteen months before he died, and the young man returned to his father's house. Gilles Mostaert, who was on terms of friendship with his father, thereupon found means to have the young man admitted to the work-room of his brother, Franz Mostaert. Unhappily, within fifteen days Franz Mostaert also died, of the plague, and Sprangher found himself once more without a master.

But Gilles Mostaert once more helped him to obtain admission to a studio, this time of a

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gentleman of the name of Cornelius van Dalem, for a term of two years. This was a man whom his parents had pushed into an artistic career, by way of a pastime and to find him an occupation, and who looked with favour upon the work which the young man had done during the fifteen days which he had spent in the studio of Mostaert. At the expiration of his two years Sprangher was accepted for a further period, during which time he had not much leisure; for his master, who was but an amateur in the art, worked very little or not at all, and passed most of his time reading history books or poetry. Little did Van Dalem care whether the lad progressed or not, provided that all was in order when the fancy took him to paint. He made landscapes, which Gilles Mostaert or Joachim Buckelaar would people with figures afterwards.

When this second term of two years had passed, Sprangher, seeing that he had progressed but little, and finding it deplorable that a painter should be compelled to have recourse to another to make his figures for him, found himself filled with a strong desire to work hard, and so be able one day to put figures of his own into the landscapes. Now there was at that time

in Antwerp a German painter, originally of Spire, named Jacob Wickram, who was a pupil of the celebrated Bocksperger of Salzburg. An acquaintance soon sprang up between the two, and after a consultation it was agreed between them that at the end of his term the young man should return to his father, and should apply himself assiduously to drawing during the months that remained, until the time agreed for their departure from Antwerp. Sprangher, in obedience to the advice of his friend, and not to allow any time to be lost, set to work accordingly to draw on blue paper with charcoal and white chalk, making copies of the engravings of Parmigiano and Floris, and then tried his hand at composing figures of his own, his comrade having promised that he would come and find him at the time agreed upon.

Having spent in this manner some weeks, making a number of compositions, the young Sprangher took it into his head to paint some of them. But as the time had now arrived when he had promised to accompany his friend to Paris, he had not even the opportunity of trying how he would fare when it came to using colour. And so, having quitted Antwerp, he at length reached Paris, where he placed

himself as an apprentice with the Court painter of the queen-mother, a good miniaturist named Marc, who had passed some time in Rome with Giulio Clovio. And here Sprangher did nothing else but make copies of the chalk drawings of the works of his master for a space of six weeks.

Now this Marc lived, as beseemed a man of some importance, in a great house with white walls; and so before long it came about that all these clean white walls were scribbled over from garret to cellar with sketches in charcoal by the young pupil. Seeing, therefore, that Sprangher had small inclination to be constantly working at little things, Marc sent for the person who had first introduced to him his new pupil, and told him that it would be better to place him with a painter, in whose studio he could devote himself to composition and the study of the human figure; and in proof of what he said he pointed to his walls, adding that, albeit passably large, his house was still too small for the young man.

On being told of this, Sprangher went and found the very same day a new master, a man of the most polished manners and appearance, but an inferior artist. The very morning of his arrival the new pupil had a panel put before

him ready prepared, about six hands high, colours and brushes were placed in his hands, and he was invited to paint a religious composition. Sprangher, who had never before either composed or even made copies of historical subjects, was greatly embarrassed, and made as though he did not understand, and as though the French tongue were a little unfamiliar to him. His new master thereupon opened a chest, from which he drew three prints, and said, "Carry out one of these subjects, but with a composition of your own invention," and then went away, leaving the young man to his own devices.

Sprangher was completely at a loss; but at length, looking at the things which lay around him, and seeing amongst the panels which his master had done several which were of the most mediocre kind, he regained courage, and seizing a sheet of blue paper he traced upon it in charcoal and white chalk, in his usual way, a "Resurrection of Christ," with the guardians of the tomb, and set to work to paint it in. As it was summer time and the days were long, he had soon completed it, to the great satisfaction of the master, who, as we have seen, was possessed only of the most inferior powers. Some Flemish painters who arrived shortly after-

wards fell to praising the work of Sprangher in so extraordinary a fashion that he, growing greater in his own eyes and puffed up with vanity, after having painted three or four panels, refused to stay longer with the master, and proposed to go on to Lyons, in company with the comrade with whom he had come to Paris.

Being held in greater esteem than many of his elders, and his master having offered to give him as much work as he wished, he came to think that wherever he went he would find the same advantages. And accordingly he bade farewell to his master and prepared to set out for Lyons. Feeling, however, a little indisposed, without taking counsel of any one, he had himself bled in the left arm, after which he went out to play tennis, in which he occasionally made use of his left arm, which swelled with the exercise and became very much inflamed; with the result that he was taken with a violent fever, and the most serious consequences were feared. He was for a long time confined to his bed. His father, hearing of the state of affairs, wrote to a merchant of Paris begging him to send him back his son by coach as soon as ever he was in a fit state to stand the journey. But too full of ambition to return so soon to his father's house, Sprangher compelled himself to get out of bed, and without waiting till he was well again set out forthwith for Lyons, fancying all along the road that he heard behind him the sound of the carriage which was to carry him back to Antwerp.

Scarcely had he arrived in the town than there came to his inn two or three artists who offered him work; but the young man, strengthened more than ever in his pride and conceit, left at the end of three days for Milan, saying to himself that in that city also the masters would without doubt come to make him their offers. The poor lad was well deceived, however, for after waiting for three weeks not a single artist had come to visit him in his inn. Worse still, he found it impossible to get work at all, and his money resources began to drain out. To add to his misfortunes there came to his hostelry a compatriot, who pretended that he was only waiting to receive a large sum, and having received a promise not only that he should be repaid, but that he should obtain in addition a considerable loan, Sprangher paid all the expenses of his companion. When the latter knew that the lad's purse was empty, he made off one fine

morning, carrying with him Sprangher's doublet and a number of other things belonging to him, and forgot ever to bring them back again.

Poor Sprangher, who was now learning a lesson concerning the ill-faith and the cunning of certain of his fellow-countrymen, found himself in a strange country, without cloak, without money, without work, in the depth of winter, and not knowing a single word of Italian. At a single blow he was cured of his vanity, and saw clearly how his lack of sense had placed him in this embarrassment. In fact, having no notion of how to paint in fresco or tempera, he had found himself compelled to refuse an offer which had been made to him the third day after his arrival, not daring to engage in a work of this kind. He was able, however, to live for several weeks with a Milanese gentleman, and later on, having made the acquaintance of a young painter of Mechlin, he engaged himself with him for a period of two or three months with the idea of learning to paint in tempera on canvas.

After a sojourn of nearly eight months in Milan, Sprangher went on to Parma, where he placed himself with the skilful painter Bernardo Sojaro, a pupil of the celebrated Antonio da Correggio, but already of fairly advanced age.

With this master he contracted an engagement for two years for a poor salary, having above all things his studies in view. Three months had hardly elapsed before a dispute arose between the young student and the son of his master, Sojaro. This took place in the lantern of the dome of the Church of the Madonna della Steccata, where the young people were alone and could not be heard by anybody; there they fought for a whole hour in a passion, with the result that at length they both fell to the ground exhausted.

When Sprangher had recovered his strength a little, he climbed up into the scaffolding to get his mantle and his dagger, which he had left up there. Parched with thirst after his exertions, he saw a tub of apparently clear water, but which was in reality saturated with chalk; and as it was the height of summer, and he had nothing else to drink, he took some of this water and quenched his thirst. In descending from the scaffolding he had once more to pass the place where their great combat had taken place; but Sprangher passed it without further harm, for the other did not ask for any more. But before our friend had reached the ground, he felt himself seized with a fit of

shivering; the poison of the chalk had begun to take effect, and the result was that for more than three weeks Sprangher lay between life and death. He took a lodging with an obscure painter, for after his victorious combat he did not return to his master.

Having helped in the making of some triumphal arches in honour of the entry into Parma of the Princess Maria of Portugal, wife of Alessandro Farnese, he eventually set out for Rome.

It was while there that he painted a "Last Judgment," on copper, six feet high, a considerable work, in which there are more than five hundred figures. The work was carried through in fourteen months. After that, as Giorgio Vasari had put Sprangher in disgrace with the Pope, saying that he was both lazy and incapable, the painter wished to show how diligently he applied himself. So taking a copper plate the size of a sheet of paper, he painted on it a night effect, "Christ in the Garden of Olives," and presented it to the Pope, who was greatly delighted with it; and he thereupon begged Sprangher to paint for him the whole of the Passion in the same size. He wished, however, first of all to see sketches for the pictures, which Sprangher did not find much to his taste, having never drawn save in chalk or charcoal. None the less he obeyed, and drew the set of twelve accordingly, on blue paper heightened with white, and in this way it was the Pope who became the cause of his doing his first drawings with the pen. But while he was engaged upon the last design of the series, a "Resurrection," the Pope died. He was already ill when the painter had offered him his composition of the "Garden of Olives," and had received him by his bedside.

Under the influence of these important undertakings, Sprangher felt his leaning towards great works strengthened. But since the death of the Pope, whom he had served for nearly two years, he had, so to speak, lost his time, for he had been lodging with a young Flemish merchant, one of his friends, who led a rather irregular life. So that for several years Sprangher did not do very much good, and lived according to his fancy, only taking to his work when the means of amusing himself, that is to say, money, was lacking.

I have not heard that he ever troubled himself to draw the beautiful things that are everywhere to be found in Rome—antiquities, statues, and the like. I doubt whether he ever used a sheet of paper for that purpose, which is a truly extra-

ordinary thing; and when he left for Austria his collection of studies was but small, and all that he carried was in his own mind.

I recall that when the Countess of Arembourg was in Rome, he painted from memory the portrait of one of her maids of honour, at the request of a gentleman, and this painting was by everybody considered extremely like; and the gentleman, who was enamoured of the subject of it, was ravished and paid him well for it.

At the time that he was dreaming of undertaking some large work, the altar paintings which he had carried out having brought him fame, it came about that the Emperor Maximilian II., of noble memory, wrote to Giovanni da Bologna, the eminent statuary of the Duke of Florence, requesting that he would recommend to his Majesty two young people, a painter and a sculptor, who would be desirous of serving him for the execution of certain great works. Giovanni, who had known Sprangher in Rome and had often met him at the Belvedere when he was working for the Pope, named our artist, and chose as the sculptor another young man, one of his own pupils, who was also sojourning in Rome, the admirable and accomplished Jan Mont of Ghent in Flanders, one of the greatest geniuses in

the world; and it was he that was the cause of Sprangher's consenting to set out for Germany.

Indeed, it is most probable that, had it not been for Jan Mont, Sprangher never would have left Rome, for he had made a firm resolution to set seriously to work before he left. Thinking, however, that he would have such a collaborator, he did not hesitate to undertake the voyage. also found another strong reason in his desire to undertake works of large dimensions, the occasion for which would not be wanting with the Emperor; and the work which an artist obtains in Rome for the public places is very poorly paid, since all the young people are anxious to make a name by doing altar-pieces, and consequently offer their services for next to nothing. Besides this. Sprangher was desirous of devoting his powers to great works, not merely because of cupidity, for he was liberally paid for his small works, as we have seen, but for his own satisfaction.

After waiting for some months, he obtained the sum necessary for the journey, and started with his companion. They quitted Rome in 1575 and set out for Vienna. The Emperor was at that time absent at the Diet of Ratisbon, where his son Rudolph II. was crowned King of the Romans. At the end of several months he re-

turned to Vienna, where he ordered Jan Mont to make him some models in wax and clay, and commissioned from Sprangher some drawings and little paintings. At the same time he gave him a ceiling to decorate in the new building erected outside Vienna, called the Phasangarten or Pheasant Garden. Soon after this Maximilian quitted this world for a better, leaving to all the memory of his virtues.

In the meantime Sprangher and Mont had been at work in the new building, had made figures of stucco about eight feet high, painted figures in fresco, compositions with figures less than life-size, and others in bas-relief. The winter came and with it the news of the death of the good Emperor, followed at an interval of two or three days by a letter to the treasurer of the imperial house at Vienna, bidding him watch that the painter and sculptor who had come from Rome should not leave the town without awaiting the arrival of the new Emperor. They then continued to be well treated and regularly paid each month.

Six months after the election of the new Emperor, when the time had come for the sovereign to make his triumphal entry into his capital, Sprangher was charged by the municipality to erect upon the Bauern-markt a huge triumphal arch. Mont, who was a good architect, designed the whole. He modelled figures eight to ten feet high, which he filled with straw and covered with clay. It was a gigantic affair, standing higher than the tallest houses around; for the magistrates of Vienna determined to have a grandiose work, and it is worthy of remark that the whole was carried out and completed in the space of twenty-eight days, in spite of heavy rains, which greatly hindered the work.

The new Sovereign was not a great lover of the arts, and made no definite offers to the two friends. On his departure for Linz, he merely gave orders that one of them should follow the Court, and that the other should stop at Vienna to await his good pleasure. Mont therefore went, and Sprangher stayed behind in Vienna. At length the Court came to Prague, where Mont after several months, seeing that he was being led by the nose like an ox, without any resolution being come to with regard to him, lost patience; and, without telling anybody, he left the place never to return. The last heard of him was that he was living in Turkey, where he had embraced the creed of Islam-a truly great loss to art, because of the eminent genius and the

great manner of which he gave proof in his works, which suffice to show that he would not have yielded to any sculptor, ancient or modern, if the opportunity had been given him to show his powers in important works.

CHAPTER X

HENDRICK GOLTZIUS

NATURE, the fecund and generous, when she has predestined a young man to shine in the arts, knows well how to give an irresistible force to the genius which she has bestowed upon him. The proof of this is to be found in the career of Hendrick Goltzius, born of an honourable family, and a native of Mulbracht, in the county of Juliers, not far from Venlo.

He was born in 1558 in the month of February, some days before the feast of the conversion of St. Paul. His family came originally from another village, Heynsbeeck; a place where for a long time it had borne the name of Goltz.

He was a stout and turbulent babe, and his mother, who was a small and delicately-made woman, had a hard task to look after him. And as he was very lively he contrived on one occasion to fall upon a stick, which ran into his nose; and more than once he fell into the water, which

latter did not prevent his being greatly attracted by fire. For when he was barely a year old and just able to walk, he fell into the hearth with his face in a saucepan of boiling oil, and burnt his hands cruelly on the red-hot cinders. The mother did her best to cure his burns, applying to them, night and day, unguents and other remedies. A neighbouring gossip, however, who happened to come on the scene, at once removed the bandages, pretending that she understood better how to deal with the thing, and simply wrapped the right hand in a kerchief. The consequence was that the tendons and flesh grew together, and Goltzius was for ever after unable to open his hand properly. Besides this mishap he had the ill-fortune, whilst still very young, either by error or otherwise, to swallow some orpiment, which his father always took the utmost pains to keep hidden.

When he was about three years old, his father, Jan Goltz, left Mulbracht and went to live at Duysbourg, a little town in the district of Clèves. It was there that the child began to learn to read, at the age of four. But as nature could not any longer hide her intentions, and as it is said of cats that they cannot resist the temptation to chase mice, it could easily be seen in what direction the

child's mind turned, that is to say, towards drawing, his pen making more men and women than letters in his book. Seeing this the father decided to take his son from school, to have him taught design, and to prepare him for the business of a glass painter. When Goltzius was seven or eight years old he would cover walls and floors with his sketches, besides which he showed far more aptitude for drawing things out of his head than for copying from a model.

It was in this way that he applied himself from his earliest youth to art and to painting on glass. Some of his very earliest things exist, showing the most extraordinary harmony of subject, a not inferior power in the expression of it, and a remarkable fund of observation. But by reason of the frequent illness of his mother, he had to look after the other children a great deal, also the workmen, and the household in general, to the great detriment of his progress. None the less, such was his love of work, that no Sunday or feast-day passed, that he did not spend all the time drawing on the walls camels, elephants, and other things on a large scale. His father let the boy draw to his heart's content, and paint and daub, provided that he did not neglect the paternal business, which was far from being

prosperous. But Goltzius fretted at being thus constrained to watch over the cares of the house, and to be compelled to live entirely with his parents, without being able to journey to those places where he could see fine things; but at length, becoming resigned to his lot, he managed by sheer force of will to gain a mastery over etching, and even employed himself in imitating engraving on copper; and in this he succeeded so well that Coornhert, the engraver, who lived at that time about four leagues away, offered to teach him engraving, for he had many times drawn designs for frames for Coornhert, which he had himself desired to reproduce.

His father consented to this arrangement, and he accordingly made an agreement with Coornhert, which should have lasted for two years; but the arrangement did not suit Goltzius, and the contract was broken. Coornhert then proposed that the young man should pass a couple of months with him by way of trial, to which Goltzius consented, wishing as he did to become familiar with the process; but Coornhert said to him: "If at the end of two months you do not wish to remain with me, you must promise not to place yourself with any other master, nor to work alone," which thing Goltzius refused, pre-



Antonio Moro

A PORTRAIT OF A GOLDSMITH (Imperial Gallery, Hague)

Bruckmann

ferring to remain free; and he went back to his father, continuing to practise engraving by himself daily. At this Coornhert gave him work without delay, and proposed that he should follow him to Holland; to which Goltzius consented, provided always that his parents might accompany him, for without that they would not have given their consent. Goltzius accordingly came to live at Haarlem, a short time only after the great fire, about the time of the feast of St. John; and Coornhert, being greatly satisfied with his beginnings, showed him more than once the processes which he considered the best. Having therefore settled in Haarlem, he worked there for a time for Coornhert and Philippe Galle; and his parents having departed for Germany, and he remaining in Haarlem, married there a widow who had a son, to whom he gave lessons in art from his earliest youth, and who under his guidance became a very accomplished engraver, by name Jakob Matham.

But having married at the early age of twentyone, Goltzius took to reflecting upon his fate; and comparing his own condition with the advantages which he saw other artists enjoying, he fell into a black melancholy, his health changed, and he finally contracted a malady of languor, and spat blood for the space of at least three years on end.

The doctors did their utmost to cure him, but in vain, for melancholy had taken deep possession of his being and only aggravated the disease. Seeing, therefore, that his life hung, as the saying goes, only by a thread, and that the doctors were powerless to save him, all of them on the contrary declaring that it was too late, Goltzius was seized with the idea, feeble as he was, of setting out for Italy, in the hope of finding some improvement in his health; and if that were not possible, to be able at least, before he died, to contemplate the splendours of Italian art, of which privilege he had seen himself deprived by his early marriage.

Leaving several pupils and his printer behind him in his house, he set out with his servant at the end of October, in the year 1590, embarking at Amsterdam for Hamburg, where he disembarked, after having gone through a fearful storm, and from there continued his journey on foot. In this way he crossed the whole of Germany, accompanied always by his servant, facing the cold and the wind, and feeling his health grow better at each stage of the journey. He found a singular pleasure in looking at the landscape, the physiog-

nomies of the people, and, above all, amused himself in the inns where he stopped, and where he chanced to have for fellow-guests painters, gravers, or other artists. He would on these occasions make his servant play the part of master, remaining himself incognito, and in this manner getting to know exactly what other artists had to say on the subject of his own work—often criticised by jealousy, often by ignorance, and sometimes also justly. And travelling in this way day by day, Goltzius ended finally by entirely regaining his health.

Sometimes also the servant would treat his pretended fellow-artists or be treated by them at the inn, the master effacing himself, whilst the servant, placed at the head of the table, was the object of a thousand courtesies, and thanks without number for the honour which he did the merry-makers. At Munich, always passing himself off as the servant, Goltzius went to the house of the famous Johann Sadeler, and, pretending that he was a cheesemonger by trade, promised the wife of the artist that he would procure for her some Dutch cheese—a promise which it was easy enough for him to fulfil by simply writing home for it. The conversation turned upon the prints of Goltzius, notably upon his great "Hercules" and

other plates, the servant all the time expressing his views with the utmost reserve, as was only proper. But the world is so made that it talks with more liberty of the absent than of the present, flattery being a thing universally practised.

Perhaps it might be said that it was not right to go among men of one's own profession or other honourable persons without declaring one's identity, and that such conduct is lacking in candour. But I hold that Goltzius had good reasons for acting in the way he did, and that he was not without excuse, for he afterwards made himself fully known.

In this manner, then, always sustained by his enthusiasm, Goltzius arrived in Italy, going to Venice, Bologna, Florence, and at length arriving, on the 10th of January 1591, at Rome, the so greatly desired goal of his journey. For several months he dwelt there, without making himself known, clothing himself rather like a German peasant, and calling himself Henry van Bracht; almost forgetting his own personality, so much was he absorbed in the contemplation of works of art. New objects attracted his attention every day and renewed his enthusiasm, and like a beginner he applied himself to drawing the most beautiful antiques.

The young draughtsmen who abounded in Rome, seeing him thus at work, would often come and look over his shoulder, asking themselves what this Tedesco could be capable of doing, fully expecting to see something not at all above the average. Then it happened to them, as it did to the Roman Senate in the time of Marcus Aurelius, when they saw the peasant of the Danube; and they had a great deal to say among themselves about the work of the pretended German, and endeavoured to strike up an acquaintance with him; which was not a difficult matter, for Goltzius, showing himself affable in his manner, willingly gave them advice.

It must here be noted that at the time when Goltzius was in Rome there was a great famine throughout the whole of the land, and at Rome the most dreadful suffering, joined with an epidemic which carried off thousands of people. The streets were strewn with sick and dying, and it was thus in many of the places where Goltzius stopped to draw some antique fragment or other, without allowing himself to be hindered in his work by the pestilent stenches, even though he had the keenest sense of smell.

Besides this he found distraction from his more serious studies in stopping in front of the shops where his own plates were exposed for sale, to hear there the opinions of the artists, which were not without value to him. In the same year he went from Rome to Naples in the company of an estimable companion, Jan Mathyssen, a goldsmith, and of a young gentleman of Brussels, a savant of the name of Philip van Winghen. The three travellers were clothed in the poorest manner possible, for fear of the brigands who at that time infested the route.

Van Winghen was a great antiquary, who described and made notes of all the remarkable things which they came across. Being a great friend of Abraham Ortelius, the celebrated Antwerp cosmographer, he showed his companions several letters which he had received from this savant, and in which mention was made that Goltzius the great engraver was in Italy, together with certain indications regarding his personal appearance, a drawing of his right hand, and so on. And it was amusing to see a person so desirous of meeting one whom he saw every day of his life, and with whom for some months he had been in constant intercourse.

At length Jan Mathyssen said to him, "This is Goltzius." But forgetting his own get-up, and seeing our artist in such poor apparel, as were all

of them, he replied, "No, Hendrick, you are not the admirable Dutch engraver." Whereat Goltzius laughed heartily, seeing how Van Winghen judged people by their personal appearance, even while he himself was so comically dressed up. And he also made reply as follows, "It would certainly be very low company for you, Seigneur van Winghen, to have Goltzius for a fellow-traveller." "No," said the other, "it is certainly not he."

That evening, when they had arrived at Velletri. the young man found fresh letters there. Whereupon Mathyssen said to him, "What a lot of store you set by your letters! I tell you again that this is Goltzius." At this Van Winghen was annoyed, not wishing to own himself in the Goltzius found an opportunity to repeat it to him when they were on the road. He persisted none the less in his opinion, saying continually: "I don't believe it for a moment." When they arrived at Terracina it was just as before; then Goltzius, seeing that he had no means of making himself believed, and knowing that Van Winghen was a true comrade and a man of honour and one that would trust in him, wished to convince He therefore drew out his handkerchief marked with the monogram which he was in the habit of using to sign his plates—that is to say, an H and a G interlaced. In the face of these undeniable proofs Van Winghen became speechless; and, turning pale, he threw himself upon the neck of Goltzius, much grieved at not having known him before.

They pursued their route towards Naples, saw the works of art in that city, and went on as far as Puzzuoli to see the natural curiosities in that place.

At Naples, Goltzius drew in the palace of the viceroy a celebrated antique, the Farnese Hercules, represented seated; and he forthwith returned towards Rome with his companions, by the Pope's galleys, Goltzius having desired to see the naked slaves chained to their oars. The violence of the wind compelled them to disembark at Gaeta, and they pursued their journey on foot and arrived in Rome, where Goltzius entered into relations with the Jesuit fathers and with the artists, the most famous of whom he drew in chalk, as he also did at Florence, Venice, and in Germany; and he left Rome on the 3rd of August 1591, by no means with empty hands, for I know of no other Netherlander who has reaped so large a harvest in so short a space of time.

Always in company with Jan Mathyssen, he made the journey on horseback to Bologna, and

stopped some days at Venice with one of his good friends, Theodore de Vries. Here again an amusing thing happened. A painter of the place, knowing that Goltzius had arrived, boasted aloud that he would recognise him anywhere at first sight; and when Goltzius had got to hear of this, he effaced himself, and left all the honours to Mathyssen, whose imposing figure drew from the Venetian artist many compliments, and the distinction of being called the "Jupiter of Art." The artist expressed a desire to possess something from the hand of Jan, who, turning to his companion, begged him to make a sketch, which Goltzius accordingly did, signing it with his monogram; and in this way the artist saw himself deceived in his pretensions of recognising folk by their appearance. There was much laughter at the blunder, which amused the author of it but slightly.

From Venice the companions went on to Trent, and thence to Munich, where Goltzius visited those artists whom he had already seen without making himself known, and this to the great confusion of certain of them. At length, having visited en route his friends and all the artistic notabilities, Goltzius returned in perfect health to his own home.

Unhappily, hardly had he returned, than, one knows not by what causes, his ancient malady once more took possession of him, and afflicted him to such a degree that he became as it were dried up by it. During several years he was compelled to drink goats' milk, and even human milk, in the hope of re-establishing himself; and he lost much time, for he had to take a regular walk every day. But at length he regained wonderful health, and pursued his work with enthusiasm. And there you have in a nutshell the life of Hendrick Goltzius.

CHAPTER XI

PETER PAUL RUBENS

EARLY biographers of Rubens sought to represent his family as not of Flemish origin, saying that his grandfather was of an ancient Styrian family that came in the train of Charles V. to the Low Countries. Fascinating as it may be to connect the great painter with so romantic an origin, it is now established beyond a doubt that his forefathers were honest burghers of Antwerp, and, far from being of noble birth, were but humble tanners and druggists by trade. His father, the first of the family to occupy a more distinguished position, was a lawyer of some note, who had travelled in Italy and had taken his degree in Rome, and who became an alderman of the Commune. Being, however, a Calvinist, he was, during the religious disturbances of the time, driven from his native city and his property confiscated.

Taking refuge, like many others of his fellow-Protestants, in the city of Cologne, his learning

and distinguished bearing soon earned for him the position of secret counsellor to William the Silent, Prince of Orange. Not content with this, however, he became unhappily entangled in a clandestine love affair with Anne of Saxony, the wife of that Prince. This, during the repeated absence of William at the wars, came to the notice of the family of Anne, and Doctor Rubens was thrown into prison, and only escaped with his life through the devoted intercession of his wife, Maria Popelincx.

At the end of five years, the Prince having divorced his wife, he was released and permitted to live, under surveillance, in the village of Siegen in Westphalia; and it was in this place, on the 29th of June, the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, in the year 1577, that his fourth son, the future world-famous painter, was born.

After the death of her husband Maria Popelincx returned with her children to Antwerp, where she successfully exerted herself to recover a portion of the family estates in the now ruined city; and the rigour of the Spanish rule not permitting of any but a Catholic education, the young Peter Paul was sent with his brothers to the Jesuit college, where, young as he was, he acquired a mastery of languages, and formed an attach-

ment to the religious faith of his teachers which probably coloured all his after-life.

On leaving school he was, according to the custom of that time, placed as a page in the household of a great lady, the Countess Lalaing. But the gay and dissipated life of his companions was little to the taste of the serious and refined boy, and he soon returned home.

It was his mother's wish that he should follow the profession of his father; but, filled with a passion for drawing and painting, which manifested itself at a very early age, he prevailed upon her, in his thirteenth year, to apprentice him with Tobias Verhaegt, who had a short time before returned from Italy. From this first master, a landscape painter of some celebrity, the boy no doubt acquired that deep love of nature which remained with him all his life, and which was destined so greatly to occupy his mind in later days, when driven by the gout to content himself with landscape painting at his château of Steen. But for the present his bent was all towards historical painting, and he did not stay long with Verhaegt, who was not himself a figure painter, but entered the studio of Adam van Noort, an artist of considerable powers but disagreeable character-a typical Fleming of the coarser sort and

a good deal of a boor, possessed of a savage and morose temper, and addicted to heavy drinking. The rowdy atmosphere of his workshop provided a marked contrast to that of the boy's earlier master, and can have been very little to the taste of the gently-bred Rubens, who was less likely to be at his ease in such surroundings than his more humbly-born fellow-students, Jacob Jordaens, Van Baelen and Sebastian Franck, the first of whom, having fallen in love with the drunkard's daughter, had the best possible reasons for supporting his brutal manners with patience. Nevertheless he stayed for five years with Van Noort, learning much from him; for, in spite of his drunken propensities, he was a capable painter and held in much esteem for his fine colouring. Latterly, however, Rubens became disgusted with the life, and left Van Noort to enter the studio of Otho van Veens, generally known as Venius, a classical painter, and in character the very opposite of the roystering Van Noort; and this master it was who first inspired him to study the works of the ancients and filled him with a desire to visit Italy.

Accordingly, in his twenty-third year he set out for Venice, where he was soon destined to find a patron in the person of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, who was at that time staying in the city, and whose wealth and princely liberality, together with his deep love of art, combined to make him the very patron that Rubens sought. One of the gentlemen of his train, having seen a fine copy which the young painter had made after one of the Venetian masters, brought him to the notice of the Duke, who at once sent for him and employed him in making further copies of the paintings at Venice; and, on his return to Mantua, he took Rubens with him, and finally established him in his household as Court painter, and bestowed upon him a splendid salary from the ducal treasury.

There is no doubt that the courtly manners and fine culture of Rubens carried him where a rougher or less educated man could not have gone, into the society of the most distinguished noblemen of Italy. The story goes that on one occasion he was engaged in painting a picture of the struggle of Turnus and Æneas, and he had taken his subject from the passage in Virgil beginning "Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris"; and he happened to be reciting these verses out aloud as he worked. The Duke, coming up to the door of the studio, overheard him, and came in and spoke laughingly to him in Latin, thinking that painting and Latin were poles apart, and

that painters were always ignorant of the classics; but Rubens answered him in such perfect Latin that Gonzaga was amazed, and at once began questioning him about his birth and upbringing; and when the Duke knew of it, this fact, combined with his great talents and his fine person, won for Rubens still greater esteem at the Court.

With this grand patron Rubens remained for seven years, making several journeys for his master, including one to Spain, whither he bore presents to the King Philip III. and to his favourite the Duke of Lerma. The presents consisted of copies after celebrated Italian paintings, and also of a number of horses from the ducal stables. For the Dukes of Mantua were at this time famous throughout Europe for the splendid breed of horses which they possessed, and there is little doubt that many of the horses which Rubens, a fine connoisseur of horse-flesh, so loved to introduce into his paintings are portraits of these magnificent animals.

Rubens by some error took the wrong route, and, instead of travelling in the ordinary way through Milan to Genoa and thence embarking for Spain, he started out to cross the Alps to Livorno. The journey, as might be supposed, was one of extreme difficulty and of great expense;

for the party were much hampered by a carrozza containing their baggage, which, in default of mules, was drawn by oxen over the mountains; and also by a carriage which they were finally compelled to leave behind, the muleteers declaring that even empty it was too much for their mules.

The horses arrived in Spain in magnificent condition, having enjoyed during their voyage a strange luxury in the shape of baths of wine, to which royal treat their matchless pedigree no doubt entitled them; but, sad to relate, their brilliant appearance was not shared by the paintings. The heavy rain of a twenty days' journey by road had played terrible havoc with the works of art, and it was forthwith Rubens' business to set to work repairing them. This task he performed with such skill that, on their being presented to the Duke of Lerma, the power displayed in them, combined with the look of age which they had acquired through the inhospitality of the elements, caused him to mistake them for genuine originals of the old masters.

Upon his return to Mantua, Rubens painted for the church of the Jesuits in that city a triptych representing in the middle the "Baptism of the Saviour," and in the wings the "Mystery of the

Holy Trinity" and the "Mystery of the Transfiguration." These works now exist in fragments only; for during the occupation of the city by the French Republican army in the year 1797, the church in question was, like others, converted into a storehouse for forage, and the picture of the "Holy Trinity" was removed secretly by a French commissary, who cut it in pieces, hoping in this state to carry it back to France without detection. He was, however, interrupted in his purpose, and the Mantuan Academy regained possession of the picture, with, however, several of the pieces missing, including a portion containing a portrait of Rubens himself in the costume of a soldier of the guard. The "Baptism of Jesus" suffered an even more pitiable fate, being destroyed past all hope by the damp and dust of the hay stored in the church.

In the year 1607 Rubens accompanied the Duke Vincenzo to Genoa, where he was destined to become still more famous. Among other works which he carried out during his sojourn was a series of sketches of the palaces of the nobility, which he afterwards published in Antwerp. There is also preserved at Genoa a bust of one of the Spinola family, of very fine and vigorous workmanship, said to be by his

hand, which shows, if it be so, that he could have become equally famous as a sculptor had he not preferred the brush to the chisel.

Rubens also made two journeys to Rome from Mantua, during one of which he painted an altarpiece for the church of Santa Maria in Vallicella; but, being dissatisfied with the miserably bad light in which it was destined to be hung, he wrote to the secretary of the Duke, Annibale Chieppio, with whom he was ever on the best of terms, begging that Gonzaga might see his way to purchase it for his own gallery. The secretary, however, replied that the state of the ducal finances did not admit of the purchase. Now Rubens was at the same time treating, on behalf of Gonzaga's wife, for the purchase of a sacred work by the Roman painter Cristoforo Pomerancio; but the Duchess had found the price rather higher than she cared to pay. Rubens, therefore, being piqued somewhat at the Duke's rejection of his own picture, replied with considerable irony that the sum demanded by Pomerancio no doubt seemed exorbitant to her Serene Highness, since she was not in the habit of dealing with the great Roman masters, but thought to treat them "in the style of Mantua." This incident will serve to show how

free was Rubens, albeit a courtier, from the least touch of the sycophant. With all his gracious and open-hearted manners, he was proud and fully conscious of his own worth, and quick to resent a slight of any kind.

From this date it may be that a certain coolness arose between himself and Gonzaga, whose attention besides was for the time being wholly absorbed by music, and who therefore did not care to lavish his money upon paintings. Be this as it may, the relations between Rubens and the Gonzaga family were abruptly brought to a close by the news that the painter's mother was dangerously ill, and he returned with all speed to his native country in November 1608, only to find that the poor woman had been dead for seven days before he had even received the news of her illness. Overwhelmed with grief, he shut himself up for four months in the abbey of St. Michel, where his mother was buried.

On leaving the abbey, however, he began once more to pine for Italy, and would forthwith have returned thither had not the Archduke Albert, hearing of his decision, sent for him, saying that he would not suffer that Mantua should possess the priceless jewel of the Spanish Netherlands; and commissioning his own portrait and that of Isabella from him, created him his Court painter, with a magnificent salary.

When Rubens had finally decided to remain in his native country, much curiosity and some jealousy arose among the painters of Antwerp, who came asking him to show them the studies he had made from the Italian masterpieces. would be difficult for me to show them to you," said he, "for I have not made a single sketch; all my studies are in my head." The most jealous of the painters, Abraham Jannsens, thereupon challenged Rubens to a competition, in which they should both treat the same subject, in order to show which was the better painter. To this challenge Rubens made reply: "My works are well known to the connoisseurs of Spain and Italy, and are to be found both in the public and private galleries of those countries; you are at liberty to go and place your work side by side with them, in order that a comparison may be made." Envy troubled the great man but little; as he himself said, "Do well, and some will be jealous; do better, and they will be confounded "

In the year 1610 Rubens built for himself from his own designs, and at a cost of 60,000 florins, a princely house in the Italian style in

Antwerp. Between the court and the large garden, in which were to be seen the rarest flowers and trees, he constructed a rotunda, lighted from a cupola above, similar to the Pantheon in Rome, in which he arranged a choice collection of antiques and pictures of the old masters which he had amassed whilst in Italy.

Now it was indirectly through the building of this house that Rubens came to paint one of his most famous pictures, "The Descent from the Cross"; for in clearing the foundations, he had unwittingly trespassed upon a piece of ground belonging to the Company of Arquebusiers, who threatened a lawsuit in consequence. Rubens, with his habitual spirit, was preparing to defend himself vigorously; but being persuaded by his advocate that the right of the matter lay with his opponents, he at once withdrew, offering to paint, by way of compensation, a picture, which was, in fact, the world-famous "Descent from the Cross," for the Chapel of the Arquebusiers in Antwerp Cathedral.

Being thus established in his profession, Rubens in the year 1609 married Isabella Brant, with whom he was to live happily for seventeen years. Commissions now crowded upon him to such an



THE CHAPEAU DE POIL
(After the painting by P. P. Rubens, now in the National Gallery, London)

extent that at the beginning of 1611 he had refused more than one hundred.

He was one day invited by a certain very inferior painter to go and see some pictures about which the latter boasted in the most exaggerated way. The great artist wished to know how long he had been studying painting, to which the other replied, "Three years." "A painter of three years' standing," replied Rubens, "who imagines that he is already something marvellous, must have a large dose of madness in him. But, sir," continued he, in the most serious voice, "do you earn a good deal by your art?" "No," replied the other, "and that is only another proof of the blindness of fortune." "That is very true, my confrère," said Rubens, laughing; "fortune is never blinder than to those artists who least deserve her favours."

When they had arrived at the man's studio, Rubens was shown a historical subject, apparently representing a torture-chamber, so crooked were the faces, so twisted the necks, so contorted the limbs, the legs and arms resembling those of people broken on the wheel. And, besides this, there was a general effect such as there would be in a room hung with gilded leather. None the less the painter rubbed his hands over it, like one accus-

tomed to watching people tortured; whereupon Rubens asked him how long he had spent upon the picture. The fellow replied that he had finished it in less than three weeks. "I am surprised, my friend," said Rubens coldly; "I should have thought that you had only daubed at it for three days."

It was about this time that an English alchemist named Brendel came to Rubens, and, thinking to obtain money from him, offered to share with him the secrets and rewards of his occult art, if he would only construct for him a laboratory and pay some small necessary expenses. Rubens, having listened attentively to the proposals of the magician, led him into his studio, where, pointing to the works around the walls, he said, "Sir, you have come twenty years too late, for it was as long ago as that that I discovered, with the aid of this palette and brushes, the philosopher's stone."

The enormous number of commissions which poured in upon Rubens henceforth compelled him to adopt a more expeditious means of carrying them out. His practice was to make a small *bbauche*, a colour-sketch, of the whole composition, which was then reproduced in full size on the canvas by his pupils and assistants, he himself

often giving merely the finishing touches to the whole. This method, however, as might be imagined, was far from giving satisfaction to all his patrons. For instance, he had upon one occasion received a commission to paint for the Cathedral of Malines a picture of the Last Supper. The canon who had commissioned it had even gone so far as to offer him a room in his own house, in order that it might be carried out on the spot and so avoid the risk of transport. The artist, having drawn the picture on the canvas, sent his pupil, Juste van Egmont, to sketch it in in colour. The ecclesiastic met the youth with small satisfaction, and demanded of him why Rubens had not come in person. The young man bade him not be anxious, as Rubens himself would certainly come to finish the picture according to his wont, and he set to work accordingly. But the picture advanced more and more towards completion, and still there were no signs of Rubens, and the poor canon's dissatisfaction grew daily greater. At length, unable to conceal his annoyance any longer, he absolutely forbade the youth to go on with the work, fearing that he would finish it all by himself; and he forthwith wrote a furious letter to

Rubens, heaping reproaches on him and saying, "It was a painting from your own hand that I bargained for, not the work of a 'prentice. Come, therefore, and take charge of the work yourself, or recall your Van Egmont and tell him to remove his sketch; for since I do not intend to accept the thing, you may keep it at your own expense."

Rubens replied that the good canon might set his mind at rest on the matter, for that he was not the victim of a fraud. "For this," said he, "is my universal method of procedure: after having made the preliminary sketch I leave it to my pupils to commence the picture, and even to carry it out according to my methods, and I then retouch it and impress upon it my own style. I shall be coming within a few days to Mâlines, so your discontent will be at an end." Hearing this the canon was reassured once more. When there is a good light on this picture it is quite possible to distinguish the places that have been retouched by the master.

It was in company with Rubens that Velvet Brueghel, the son of the great Peeter Brueghel, painted his masterpiece, a representation of Adam and Eve in the terrestrial paradise; and one would imagine that the two painters had competed to see which one would outdo the other in splendour. Adam and Eve, which are by Rubens, are so wonderfully drawn, so exquisitely coloured, and so graceful in form, that one seems to see the handiwork of the Creator in their beautiful bodies. And all that Brueghel has added to these figures is so grand and splendid, and at the same time so delicate, that one can no longer question of the joys which our first parents tasted of in this place of delights. The animals are particularly graceful in their attitudes; the tigers are playing there like young puppies, and are painted so transparently that one might fancy one could see their entrails move under the white surface of their bodies.

Franz Snyders was another with whom Rubens loved to unite his brush. Rubens possessed the supreme art of representing the passions of the reasonable beings of both sexes. Snyders, on the other hand, painted to perfection the rage of animals in the most violent transports; so much so that posterity can scarcely conceive how he was able to study, seize and render the infinitely-varied contortions of the bodies of stags, lions, tigers, bears and dogs; their anatomical construction as well as the play of their sinews and muscles. Everything in his picture seems to live and move:

on the one hand, the hunters greedy of blood, the coursers, mastiffs, and other dogs, whose nostrils seem actually to breathe forth fire, fly before the eyes of the spectator; whilst, on the other, the wounded and mutilated roll on the ground, showing their pain by violent contortions, by their dripping mouths and by the cries and groans to which one almost fancies one can hear them giving vent.

But the necessity for working in this way gave great opportunity to Rubens' enemies, who said that his work was the gainer by that of his assistants. His landscapes, as we have seen, were painted by Velvet Brueghel, and also by Wildens and Lucas van Uden; his flowers, fruit, and animals by Snyders; and it was said that without their aid he would have been unable to carry out his designs, and that he picked their brains in order to increase his own glory. Rubens effectively replied to this by painting entirely with his own hand several hunting pieces and landscapes; one of the most beautiful of the latter being a view of his own country house, the Château de Steen.

For Rubens was in the habit of living at Antwerp only during the cold weather. When the spring returned he would betake himself to his

Hans Suyders

THE BOAR FIGHT (Pinakothek, Munich)

château, situated in the district of Elewyt, between Målines and Vilvorde. Here he found both calm and inspiration for his work, feasting his eyes with the ever-changing harmonies of nature, the great tree-clad distances of his native land, the soft and humid effects of atmosphere, and there he would carry out his magnificent landscapes. He would also take with him into the country one or other of the historical pieces on which he might be working at the time, and which he would there complete. It was in this manner that one of his masterpieces, the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," was painted for the altar of the Fishmongers in Notre Dame de Mâlines, and they paid 1000 florins for it, the artist spending ten days upon the work. It was thus that he was in the habit of reckoning the prices of his works-that is, by the time which he spent upon them, valuing each day's work at 100 florins. In no other way did he ever estimate the price of a painting.

The life of Rubens was one of extreme regularity. He rose early—in the summer time at four o'clock—and immediately afterwards heard mass, save on those occasions when he was prevented by an acute attack of gout; after which, taking up palette and brushes, he would go to work, and while painting he habitually employed

some one to read to him from his favourite classic authors, Livy, Plutarch, Cicero or Seneca, or from some eminent poet. It was also his habit to receive visitors at this time; and, without stopping work, he would talk with them upon a variety of topics. Over the door of his studio he is said to have written the Latin motto, "Mens sana in corpore sano," an expression of the robust ideal which he set before him in his work and in his life.

In spite, however, of his sociability, he did not often go into public, and his only lasting friendships were formed with learned men and fellow-artists. Before his chief meal, which was in the middle of the day, according to the old custom, one hour was always devoted to recreation, which was chiefly spent in the contemplation of his art treasures. As regards eating and drinking, he was almost an ascetic, and was totally averse to anything approaching excess; delicate meats and wines, or the pleasures of gaming, so dear to the majority of his countrymen, had no temptation for him. After dinner he betook himself again to work; and only in the evening, towards five or six o'clock, would he stop work, and, ordering one of his splendid Andalusian horses to be saddled, would go for a ride on the ramparts or in the fertile

country on the right bank of the river. Riding was a pastime of which he was passionately fond, and his stables always contained some magnificent horses of various breeds, which often served him as models as well as mounts. On his return it was his custom to receive a few friends, possibly Nicholas Rockox the Burgomaster, or Paul Gevaerts, Recorder of the Commune, a learned man who was one of his most intimate friends; also his brother, Philip Rubens, or his own favourite pupils; and with these he would share his frugal meal.

His clear and practical mind, and his love of definite and tangible things and hatred of abstractions, is nowhere better shown than in a letter written to Junius, the author of De Pictura Veterum, in which he says, referring to this book: "Nevertheless, as we can only judge in imagination of the works of the painters of antiquity, some of us better, others less completely, each according to his capacities; I wish that some one would write a treatise of a similar style to your book, on the subject of painting in Italy; on that painting, examples and models of which exist to this day, which one could indicate with the finger, and of which one could say, 'There they are.' In effect, that which

falls under the senses impresses more vividly, and remains there, and provokes a more serious examination; at the same time that reality furnishes for studious men a matter more fruitful in information than those things which appeal only to our imagination, like dreams, and are only represented in words, with the result that they escape from us, as the image of Eurydice from Orpheus, deceiving our spirit, which vainly attempts to seize them."

His personal character and that of his work were indeed in complete contrast. In everyday life he was tranquil, unruffled and modest, without vehemence or hastiness of any sort. His imaginative faculty seemed to be dormant or rather dead altogether. When he took up the brush, however, all was changed. A tragic exaltation laid hold upon him; lines, colours, types, and movements formed a burning mixture in his brain. Inspiration seemed to overwhelm him like a wave.

He used all his endeavours to overcome the jealousy of his enemies by kindness. One day, going into the house of the most malignant of his detractors, Cornelius Schut, he commenced chatting with him in the most amicable manner about politics and art, yet preserving all the

while his grand dignity. Seeing the surprise and embarrassment of his enemy, he proceeded to make the round of the studio, looking at the paintings, and finally offering to purchase some of them. Cornelius asked for nothing better, and having named his price accordingly, Rubens concluded the purchase without beating him down by a halfpenny, and Schut really began to regard himself as a genius. But his magnanimous rival further added: "If I am not misinformed, you are frequently in search of employment; at these times I trust that you will come to me; my studio will be open to you, and you will always find work there." This kindly-meant offer was in fact a bitter humiliation to Schut, who regarded himself as fully the equal of the master, and deemed it a dire insult to be offered a place as his workman; and although he had not the moral courage to refuse to sell his pictures, his heart remained full of ingratitude and hatred, and he did not cease to malign the great man who had acted so generously towards him.

At the commencement of 1620 Rubens was destined for a time to remove from Antwerp into the greater world without, indirectly through the reconciliation which had taken place at that

time between Marie de Médicis and her son Louis XIII. at Angoulême. The French Queen had fixed her Court at Paris, where she conceived the project of decorating her palace with paintings representing the events of her life, and, having mentioned her desire to the ambassador of the Archduke Albert, the Baron de Vicq, who was a great admirer of Rubens, the commission for the work was given to the great Antwerp master.

Rubens was greatly flattered by the order, and accordingly at once set out for France, where he was most graciously received by the Queen. She ordered of him twenty-one large paintings, representing her life from the time of her birth till her reconciliation with her son. Rubens accepted the commission on condition that he might carry it out at Antwerp, to which the Queen gave her consent. The two largest paintings of the series were, however, finished in Paris, whither he bore with him the other pictures completed, to the delight of Marie de Médicis, who received him even more graciously than before, and who would often sit conversing with him as he painted; and when, from deference to her rank, he rose, she would bid him be seated again. This great series of paintings now fills a large room in the Louvre, and forms one of the most magnificent pieces of decoration in existence.

On one occasion the Queen wished him, with his artist's eye, to choose for her among the ladies of her Court the one whom he regarded as most beautiful. Rubens was accordingly received next day among the chosen circle, where he had no eyes for any one save the beautiful and stately Duchesse de Guémenée. After some days' time the Queen came to find him again in the gallery, where he was engaged in finishing the great emblematic pageant. "Well," said she, "you have seen my Olympus; to which of my goddesses do you yield the prize?" If she had reckoned upon an audacious and untruthful compliment she was disappointed, for the great artist replied simply, "To the Duchesse de Guémenée." "You do her but justice," replied the Queen.

It was at this time that he came to know the famous Duke of Buckingham, who afterwards visited him in Antwerp, where, on beholding his magnificent collection of paintings and sculpture and other rare objects, he was so enchanted with them that, upon his return to England, he sent his agent to treat with Rubens for the purchase of the whole gallery. Rubens was, however, very loath to part with that which had cost him so

much time and trouble to amass; but, under the repeated entreaties of the agent, he at length consented to part with the whole for the sum of 100,000 florins, but reserving to himself the right of taking casts of all the statues and bas-reliefs; and thus, when he had replaced the pictures sold by others, his pantheon still retained much the same appearance as before.

In the year 1626 Rubens experienced a great sorrow in the loss of his wife, Isabella Brant, with whom he had lived for seventeen years. It has been rumoured by some—probably by enemies and jealous brother-artists-that Rubens bore her no affection, and that he was even unfaithful to her; and it is said in proof of this that he painted her portrait in the picture called the "Grappe de Vigne," where St. Michael is represented driving down the damned into Hell; also in another picture, the "Last Judgment," she is said to be portrayed in the talons of a devil, who is dragging her down with him to Hell, while his second wife, Hélène Fourment, is shown amidst the blest in Paradise. The absurd falsity of these stories is proved beyond a doubt by the letters of Rubens on the subject of her death written shortly after that event, where he expresses the liveliest sorrow at her loss, enumerating fondly her many virtues and the blessing she had been to him.

A short time after this Rubens was sent, in the difficult and responsible position of ambassador, to the Court of Philip of Spain, by whom he was received with the utmost honour, Philip being an unbounded admirer of his work, and having, indeed, already conferred upon him a title in the year 1624. And here, in the time spared from diplomacy, in which, be it said, he was completely checkmated and outwitted by the cunning of Richelieu, the great French Minister, he painted several portraits of Philip and of his Queen, Elizabeth de Bourbon, and made besides a number of copies of the splendid Titians in the royal gallery.

A story is told of Rubens during his sojourn in Spain that, being one day engaged in painting, he was detected at work by a courtier, who, evidently not knowing much about his true fame, exclaimed in surprise: "What! does an ambassador to his Catholic Majesty amuse himself with painting pictures?" "No," replied Rubens, "the painter sometimes amuses himself with diplomacy."

Jean, Duke of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, hearing much talk of the great Flemish artist, became curious to see him, and wrote begging him to pay a visit at his hunting-lodge, Villa Vicosa. Rubens promised to come without delay, and the King having given him permission to absent himself, he accordingly set out with a considerable train of Flemish and Spanish grandees.

As they approached the pavilion where the future monarch was resting, it was announced that the great painter would shortly arrive, and that he brought with him a great train of nobles.

The Prince became alarmed at this news, having no intention of entertaining a numerous company; and fearing the expense that might be involved, he sent a hasty message by one of his chamberlains, saying that important affairs had compelled him to return with all speed to Lisbon, but that he begged Rubens to accept a purse of fifty pistoles—hoping thus to allay the annoyance of the painter by defraying the cost of his journey.

Great was the amazement of the whole escort. The lords were at a loss to account for such apparent lack of courtesy. Was it in a Prince to show avarice? But the great painter settled the whole matter shortly enough. "Messire," said he to the chamberlain, "I beg you to assure the Duke of my humble respect and of the pleasure

it would have given me to see him. Having obliged him with such promptitude, I am disappointed not to be able personally to offer him my homage. The purpose of my visit was not to acquire fifty pistoles, since I have myself brought with me a thousand for the expenses which I expected to incur at Villa Vicosa."

In the following spring the Minister Olivarez determined to send Rubens as envoy to the English Court; and so, having been nominated as secretary to the Privy Council of the Netherlands, the artist left Madrid for London with full instructions as to his course, on the 29th April 1629. There he was received with great cordiality by the King, and finally brought to a successful issue the difficult and double-dealing commission with which he had been entrusted. Among other honours bestowed upon him by Charles I. was the distinction of knighthood, and he received the title of Sir Petrus Paulus Rubens at Whitehall. Among the works which he painted during this sojourn in England was the "Peace and War," now in the National Gallery.

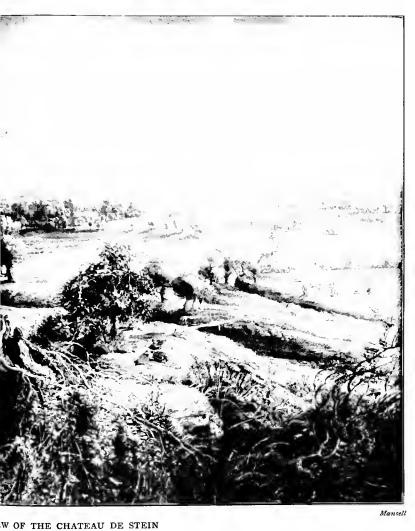
On his return to his native land Rubens married a second time, his wife being Hélène Fourment or Forman, the daughter of his former wife's sister. She was but sixteen years of age when he married her. Her pretty features are well known to the world through her portrait in many of the artist's works, and also in that painting where she is represented standing quite nude save for a sealskin cloak which she clasps about her.

There is an amusing story told about Rubens at this time which serves to illustrate the pains which he always took to study nature at first hand. At one of the kermesses at Antwerp there arrived a tamer of animals who possessed a magnificent lion, with which he played and wrestled before the people. The great painter went to see the king of the jungle, and found him such an unusually fine specimen that he begged the owner to bring the beast to his own house, in order that he might make studies of him in various attitudes.

While he was thus occupied the animal commenced to roar and twirl his tongue in such a remarkably picturesque manner that Rubens hastened to make a note of it, wishing to make use of the action later in composing one of his hunting pieces. He also asked the keeper if he could not induce the beast to repeat the movement, promising him a liberal reward for his trouble. The lion-tamer accordingly tickled the brute under the jaw, and he again opened his



AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE, WITH A (National Gai)



London)

terrible mouth; but his master having indulged in this proceeding once too often, the lion glared so ferociously at him that he warned Rubens that it would be dangerous to proceed any further with him. This considerably alarmed the painter, who left his easel forthwith and prudently retired with his drawings to another room; and, having handsomely rewarded the keeper, begged him to remove his lion with the least possible delay.

Towards Rubens' sixtieth year the gout, with which he had been intermittently troubled during all the latter part of his life, began seriously to curtail his activity, and at length compelled him to retire altogether from public life; and, leaving Antwerp, he went to settle finally at the Château de Steen, where he spent most of his time. spite, however, of the hindrance which his malady must have been to so active a man, he still continued to carry out important works, and in the year 1635 he was employed in the arrangements for the triumphant entry of the new Spanish Governor of the Catholic provinces into Antwerp. His latest work was the altar-piece for the Church of St. Peter's at Cologne, on which he expended an amount of care and time unusual with him.

On the 30th of May 1640, however, he was seized with an unusually violent attack of his

malady, and he passed away on the same day, at the age of sixty-two. He was buried with great pomp in the Church of St. James's, his own parish in Antwerp.

His bier was followed by many of the nobles and wealthy citizens of the town, and in addition there walked on either side sixty orphans, each holding a lighted torch. The catafalque remained standing for six weeks in the church with six candles always burning before it. A chapel was raised to his memory behind the choir of the church, where his remains now rest.

CHAPTER XII

ANTON VANDYCK

Anton Vandyck was the seventh child of a family of twelve, and was born in Antwerp in the year 1599. His father was a silk merchant in that city, and the family was possessed of considerable wealth. None of his relations, however, were distinguished in any way for artistic talent, although his mother had gained considerable fame for her skill in embroidery—it is said, indeed, that she was busily engaged upon work of this kind just before the birth of her illustrious son—and it was from her that he learned the rudiments of drawing.

Although he became at an early age a pupil of Hendrick van Balen, he did not stay long with him, for the overwhelming influence of the style of Rubens was beginning to be felt everywhere: young Vandyck succumbed at once to it, and, after a year with Van Balen, was received by Rubens into his studio. Once there he was not long in showing of what things he was cap-

able, and Rubens formed the highest opinion of his powers. In fact, he watched over him with particular care, and it was to Vandyck that he entrusted the making of drawings from those pictures which he wished to have engraved. The following story is sufficient to prove the esteem in which his young pupil was held.

Each evening when Rubens had finished his day's work, it was his habit, as we know, to go for a ride on horseback into the country, to rest his mind and to seek fresh inspiration for his work. His pupils, taking advantage of his absence, would try to have a look at the paintings on which he had been working during the day; they would coax and persuade the old servant Valveken, who had the keys of the private studio, to let them in, and occasionally they were successful in obtaining admission. One day when they were all crowding round a freshly-painted canvas, one of them, young Diepenbeck, was accidentally shoved by those behind him against the still-wet canvas, and smudged a part of it—as luck would have it, the arm and chin of a Virgin Mary. On realising what had happened the mad crew were filled with consternation; they debated and argued for some time as to what was best to be done to repair the mishap. At length one of them, Jan van Hoek, said, "Young Anton Vandyck is the cleverest of us; he must be the one to undertake this difficult job." Vandyck accordingly seized palette and brushes, and, making the best use of the remaining hour or two of daylight, succeeded in concealing the damage so skilfully that when Rubens on the morrow went to look at his work, he was quite taken in by the result. "That arm and chin," said he, "are by no means the poorest part of yesterday's work." But later on he recognised that a strange hand had been at work on the picture, and when the culprits thought best to make a clean breast of the whole affair, he readily forgave them for the prank. One biographer tells us that the picture in question was the famous "Descent from the Cross." This picture was completed for the Arquebusiers of Antwerp, who commissioned it in the year 1612; in this year Vandyck was thirteen years of age, at which time it is hardly conceivable that his power of painting would be such as to deceive Rubens, into whose studio he did not enter until some three years later. The same writer tells us that Rubens had conceived so powerful a jealousy against Vandyck that he advised him to keep to portraiture and not to attempt historical painting. Nothing could well be imagined further from the

generous heart of Rubens than jealousy towards a young student. Everything goes to prove that it was to Rubens's aid that Vandyck owed his early advancement and success. The wide reputation which he already enjoyed while still in the master's studio is proved in more ways than one. On the 29th of March 1620 an agreement was made between the Jesuits of Antwerp and Rubens for the decoration of their church. that document it is stipulated that the artist, after having himself sketched in the thirty-nine pictures, may have them carried out in colour "by Vandyck" and other pupils, except the retouching and finishing. Vandyck is the only pupil mentioned by name in the agreement. A letter written from Antwerp to Thomas Arundel on the 17th July 1620 by an agent of the Earl contains a further "Vandyck," writes the agent, "lives with proof. Rubens, and his works are beginning to be scarcely less esteemed than those of his master. He is a young man of one-and-twenty. His parents are persons of considerable property in this city; and it will be difficult therefore to induce him to remove: especially as he must perceive the rapid fortune which Rubens is amassing." The Earl, in fact, wanted to entice Vandyck over into England with him. Rubens, it is stated in the same letter, had just called the Earl of Arundel "an evangelist to the world of art," and it is easy to imagine how flattered the young Vandyck must have been by such a proposal. It seems probable that Arundel may also have communicated to Sir Dudley Carleton (who was the friend and correspondent of Rubens) his wish to engage Vandyck in his service, and that Carleton, knowing that the States intended sending commissioners at this time to England, made the circumstances known to the young man and advised his coming over in their train. This he was, perhaps, more readily induced to do, as Rubens was at that time absent, having gone to Paris to receive the commands of Marie de Médicis for the decoration of the Luxembourg. On the 25th November 1620, in the postscript of a letter to Carleton, Sir Tobie Mathew, writing from Antwerp, says: "Your Lordship will have heard how Van Dike his (Rubens') famous Allieno is gone into England and yt the Kinge hath given him a Pension of £100 pr ann. I doubt he will have caried ye desseigne of this piece into England: and if he have, I durst lay my payre of hands to a payre of gloves, yt he will make a much better piece then this for halfe ye money yt he asks. Perhaps I am deceaved: but I thought fitt to tell your L^p playnly all y^t I knowe or feare in this: though I doubt not but your L^p will dexterously governe the knowledge of it, for else the fellow will flye upon me.—Yet plese yourselfe, for I am at a poynt." This refers to a "Caccia," as he calls it, or hunting-piece of Rubens, which Sir Dudley wished to buy, but for which Rubens asked too great a price. Sir Tobie had tried to beat him down, but had found "his demands ar like y^c Lawes of Medes and Persians w^{ch} may not be altered."

In spite, however, of a cordial reception at the English Court, Vandyck did not stay long in England on this occasion, but received a pass from the King to travel for eight months. It is strange that after obtaining this eight months' leave, he should not have returned to the service of the King, who had received him well. The fact remains, however, that he did not actually return again to England until eleven years later, when Charles I. had already come to the throne.

The Prince of Orange, Frederick of Nassau, had summoned him to Holland, where he dwelt in the beautiful town of the Hague. Here he painted portraits of the Prince, the Princess, and of their family, and of other eminent persons, among whom were Christian, Duke of Brunswick,

and Count Mansfield. A specially dramatic feature distinguishes the portrait of the Duke of Brunswick,—a scarf thrown over his cuirass serves to hide his left forearm. In 1622 the brave captain, seriously wounded at the battle of Fleurus, had been compelled to have his arm amputated. Fearing that he might cry out with the pain, he ordered that trumpets and drums should be sounded during the operation. Although but twenty-three years of age at that time, he was already near the end of his life; like the Count of Mansfield he died after a glorious though brief career in 1626.

In the spring of 1623 Vandyck started, by the advice of Rubens, for Italy. It has been said that the master wished thus to rid himself of his successful pupil, of whom he was jealous; but it is more natural to suppose that Rubens, who had himself spent more than eight years in that country, would regard it as an indispensable course for a young artist who aspired to the highest fame. And besides, the affectionate farewells which he took of his pupil are sufficient to show the cordiality of their relationship. Vandyck offered Rubens, as a parting gift, a portrait of his wife, an "Ecce Homo," and a "Christ in the Garden of Olives," at the moment of the betrayal. Rubens

hung this last over the chimney-piece in his largest room, and would frequently point out its beauties to visitors. In return he gave to Vandyck the most beautiful horse in his stables.

Travelling upon the ancient road leading from Antwerp to Brussels, Vandyck soon reached the bottom of a valley where there stood a group of cottages, and here he halted. He was near to the hamlet of Saventhem. Now there lived in this hamlet a young person of the Court named Anna van Ophem, to whom Isabella had entrusted the keeping of her dogs. Vandyck had already seen and admired her, and wished to renew the acquaintance; so, turning to the left, he took a path which passed through magnificent pasture-land beside the banks of a little stream; near by, he heard the creaking of a mill and the sound of falling water. After walking for some minutes he came to the door of the house, where he was received by the mistress, who seemed to him more beautiful than ever. She was not less impressed with him, for he was a handsome youth and well worthy to attract the looks of beautiful women. Vandyck abandoned all thought of his journey, and for the time being cast his ambitions to the winds, wandering with his lovely mistress through the woods and meadows.

But during this time he did not entirely neglect his art. Anna van Ophem persuaded him to paint for the church of Saventhem an altar-piece of the Holy Family, and in this she herself figured as the Virgin. The picture so enchanted the people that they requested him to paint a second canvas for which he was paid 200 florins. This is the famous picture of St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar. The saint in full armour is seated upon a beautiful white horse, a portrait of the very animal which Rubens had presented to Vandyck as a parting gift. He holds in one hand his drawn sword, and in the other a corner of the mantle. The foremost beggar is pulling at the other end. The second beggar, with a bandage round his head, fixes upon the youthful warrior a look of ferocious envy. Behind the saint is seen the handsome figure of a squire on horseback.

But all this time Rubens was disturbed and worried at his pupil's delay, and, fearing that he was lost in the arms of his mistress, employed every means to draw him away. He wrote him letters exciting his curiosity and ambition, and even sent to him a certain Italian, the Cavaliere Nanni, to entice him away. Vandyck at length allowed himself to be persuaded. He parted from his beautiful mistress, and once more set out for Italy.

He was destined to see Anna van Ophem once more at a later time, but under less romantic circumstances. He did, indeed, paint a portrait of her among her dogs, but evidently with as much interest in the dogs as in their keeper; each of these was a portrait of the animal, with its name written beneath.

The picture of St. Martin, which still adorns the altar of the little church for which Vandyck painted it, has itself had an adventurous history. In the year 1758 the cure of the parish conceived the happy idea of selling it to a collector of the Hague for the sum of 4000 florins, and this without obtaining the permission of the lord of the manor, the Count of Konigseck, or even of the municipal council, or the villagers. But the peasants got wind of his plans and quickly came to the rescue of their picture. When they discovered that it had been taken down, and even already packed up, they rushed up in great force, armed with blunderbusses and pitchforks, accompanied by their wives and families, all ready for battle. The buyer having taken flight, some of them pursued him, while the others surrounded the church. The delinquent was compelled to escape through the hedge which surrounded his garden, and then to make for Brussels across the fields. The picture remained in the hands of the insurgents; and the town council, having by that time met together, energetically reprimanded the priest and his accomplices, and the picture was triumphantly returned to its altar. Later on, in 1806, when Napoleon's soldiers wished to carry it away, they did not dare to make the attempt until the arrival of a reinforcement of troops from Brussels to protect the despoilers. St. Martin hung in the Louvre until 1815, when it was restored once more to the villagers, who certainly deserved to have charge of it. Some years ago a rich American offered 100,000 francs to some unscrupulous people to get hold of the picture, by fair means or foul. They tried to carry it away by night, but the dogs gave the alarm and the thieves only just escaped in time. After that a guardian was placed at night in the church to guard the picture.

Vandyck followed in the steps of Rubens, and made Venice his goal. There he studied the works of Veronese and Titian, and stayed in the city as long as his funds allowed. Then, remembering the brilliant reception given to his master by the merchant princes of Genoa, he turned his steps towards that city, where he was received no less favourably, and found immediate employment.

The Balbi, Spinola, Raggi, Pallavicino and Brignole-Sale families all wished him to paint portraits for them, and the great number of these canvases forms one of the chief attractions of Genoa to this day, perhaps the most famous being the portrait of Count Antonio Brignole-Sale on horseback. Vandyck was, however, not so successful with his portraits of women, probably because he did not flatter them sufficiently. He even had difficulty in disposing of some of them. Jansen of Cologne, who had gone to England before Vandyck and had been working there since 1618, once came to see him; and Vandyck, noticing that he wore a troubled air, asked him the reason of it. "I am engaged," said he, "in painting a lady whom I am unable to satisfy, in spite of all my efforts; she continually calls me a dauber, and this illwill on her part makes me positively weary of life." "Is that all?" replied Vandyck. "You should not let that put you out; it is the commonest occurrence with me, and yet I endure it patiently."

Vandyck, after staying for some time in Genoa, set out for Rome, wishing to see with his own eyes this wonderful city, where a great school had produced so many masterpieces. Cardinal Bentivoglio, who had already been nuncio of St. Peter in Flanders, and who had a warm affection for the

Flemish people, begged him to lodge in his palace. He commissioned him at once to paint an episode of the Passion, and also to paint his own portrait, which latter now hangs in the Pitti Gallery in Florence, and ranks as one of the chief masterpieces of the artist.

He would probably have made a longer stay in Rome, but for those of his fellow-countrymen who had taken up their abode in that city. These Flemish and Dutch painters made up a sort of colony of depravity, spending all their time in wine-shops and brothels; it was, in fact, but the last wreck of a school, expiring dead-drunk. Vandyck belonged to a younger and more vigorous generation, sober and distinguished. despised the coarse pleasures of his compatriots, and had no desire to be seen in their company, and they in their turn found him self-sufficient and detestable. Nature had in addition bestowed upon him the highest gifts as an artist; and if he drank less, he painted better than his pretended fellow-artists, and the knowledge of it only added to their hatred of him. It was not long before a cabal was organised; he was denounced everywhere, and annoyed and insulted. The vile means that his enemies employed disgusted him, and he resolved to return forthwith to Genoa.

His second stay there was not a long one, and he soon passed into Sicily with the Cavaliere Nani. He was received at Palermo by Philibert of Savov. who was at that time viceroy of the island and whose portrait he painted. Here he also met with the aged artist Sofonisba Anguissola, then in her ninety-first year, a last survivor of the greater period of Italian art, who had seen and spoken with Titian in her youth. The old lady was now perfectly blind; but Vandyck used to say that he considered himself fortunate in having enjoyed her conversation, for that he had received more light upon points connected with his art from a blind woman than from the most celebrated living painters. From her, in fact, he probably heard the secret of Titian's method of painting, which he adopted at that time. There exists a drawing of the old lady, from one of his sketch-books, done in pen and bistre, with her name written beside it.

Vandyck had now been five years away from his native land, and decided to return thither forthwith. He was received on his return in a way that was at once flattering and disheartening. A high opinion had been formed of him in his own country, and the noise of his fame, acquired abroad, had reached his native city; the Flemings accord-

ingly treated him with the utmost respect. They did not, however, believe for a moment that he could possibly be equal to Rubens, and he only held a secondary place in their esteem. Peter Paul was then at the very zenith of his fame, and was bound to outshine all his rivals and contemporaries. Only his generosity served to lessen the hurts inflicted by his genius. Vandyck began by finding hardly any sale for his work, and indeed was hard put to it to gain employment. David Teniers the elder met him one day in the street, and, expressing his pleasure at seeing him, asked how his affairs were, and if people were beginning to collect his work. "I have hardly had time to find patrons," said Vandyck, "for I am but recently returned from Italy. None the less they might treat me with a little more regard than they do. You see that fat brewer who has just passed us. I offered the other day to paint his portrait for two pistoles, and he laughed in my face, saying that I was asking too much. the wind does not change very soon, I can assure you that I shall not stay much longer in this town."

But about this time he received a commission from a member of the Brotherhood of the Virgin at Termonde to paint a Holy Family for the altar of the congregation in the Church of Notre

Dame. On the right he placed the Mother of the Saviour, holding her Son on her knees, St. Joseph standing by. A kneeling shepherd renders homage to the divine Child; two other shepherds and a shepherdess offer Him eggs; while three angels, bathed in a supernatural light, hover in the upper part of the picture. The brother who commissioned the picture, and had promised the artist 400 florins in payment, was delighted with it; but his fellow-monks found the price excessive and refused to pay it. Great was the dismay of Vandyck at this turn of affairs, for he was very badly off for money at the time. He implored the brother to buy the picture for himself, and offered in return to paint his portrait free of charge. Indeed, in these early days Vandyck had to undergo all the slights and injuries which young painters must suffer, when the mind of the public is so absorbed by the work of another as to be blind to them. He even complained to Rubens himself, who was the chief source of his lack of success. The next day Rubens entered his studio, spoke affectionately to him, and, to relieve him of his necessity, forthwith bought all the finished pictures in his studio.

It is also suggested that Rubens went further in his kindness, offering the young man his eldest

daughter in marriage; but that Vandyck's love for her mother prevented him from accepting the offer. This story is all the more curious, since at that time Rubens had no daughter, his first wife, Isabella Brandt, having given him only two sons, Albert and Nicolas. Isabella, besides, had herself been dead since July 1626.

Soon after this the Augustine monks of Antwerp commissioned the artist to paint a picture for the high altar of their church. Vandyck's painting is one of great majesty. It represents St. Augustine in ecstasy sustained by two angels, who are pointing him towards the sky, where the three divine persons appear amid a crowd of cherubim; St. Monica, the mother of the saint, stands close to him. St. Augustine, clothed in a light-coloured robe, formed the centre of the picture, receiving the main light. Now it was a rule of the Augustine friars that they should always wear a black robe; and the brother who had commissioned the picture demanded therefore that the clothing of the saint should be darkened. "No one would be able," said he to the painter, "to recognise the founder of our order; either do what I ask, or keep the picture for yourself." Vandyck cursed the stupidity of the monks which compelled him to spoil his painting, but he re-

signed himself to doing it, and painted over the whole with black and ultramarine. It was while he was engaged on this picture that two of his former fellow-students in Rubens' studio, Jan van Hoek and Cornelis Schut, came to pay him a visit. He was just then occupied in painting over the bosom of the angel who supports the saint. They were outwardly loud in their praises of the arrangement and handling, but inwardly they cursed the painting and the painter. On their return to Rubens' house the other pupils cried, "Well, what has he got to show? How is he getting on with his altar-piece?" Whereupon Schut, who was as foul-mouthed as a thief, answered, "By Heaven, what do you think the bungler is doing? he sits there niggling away at the breast of a life-sized angel with a little brush." In fact, they went about belittling him and his work; and when the time came to be paid for it, the monks pretended that their coffers were empty, and told him that he would have to wait, whether he liked it or not, for a more favourable time to receive his money. Vandyck was deeply hurt; but in order to obtain the money that was due to him he carried out a splendid Crucifixion, and presented it "to the good fathers" in token of their honesty. They then paid him 600 florins

for the whole. But his disgust with the treatment he had received, and the jealousy and backbiting of his fellow-artists, determined him to leave his country and go to England. But before setting out for London he was to experience a final misadventure, which increased his longing for departure. The Bishop of Ghent, that very Van der Burch of whom Rubens himself had already had good cause of complaint, made it known that he wished him to paint his portrait. The prelate was a man of vast proportions, large enough to have qualified for the rôle of St. Christopher in the celebrated processions at Antwerp. Vandyck, on the contrary, was slight in build and not very robust. He sent on to the Bishop's palace all the necessaries of his work, and then presented himself there in person. His baggage had been left in the ante-chamber, where the porter had placed it. The haughty priest received the painter without budging from his chair of green velvet, and made no reply to his compliments save by a nod of the head. This slighting reception offended the great artist, but he concealed his anger and remained silent to see how the farce would end. The priest glared at the artist and said at length, "Have you not come to paint my portrait?" "I am at the disposal of your Eminence," replied

Vandyck, and having taken a chair without asking, he quietly sat down. The Bishop waited, but the painter did not move. "But," cried the corpulent priest at length, "why do you not go and fetch your tools? Do you suppose that I am going to fetch them for you?" "As you have not ordered your domestics to bring them, I thought," replied the painter, "that you wished to do so yourself." The prelate flushed scarlet, and leaping up from his chair he shrieked in a transport of rage, "Antony, Antony, you are but a tiny snake, but you are full of venom!" The painter turned to the door, fearing that the fat priest would fall upon him and crush him. When near the threshold he turned and cried in a bantering way, "Messire Van der Burch, you are a weighty person; but, like the cork-tree, the best part of you is the outside."

The portrait of Nicolas Lanière, chapel master to King Charles of England, which Vandyck had painted a short time before, had awakened the greatest enthusiasm in that country. In the diary of Mr. Beale, the husband of the celebrated artist, we read: "Mr. Lely told me at the same time as he was most studiously looking at my bishop's picture of Vandycke's, and I chanced to ask him how Sir Antony cou'd possibly divise to

finish in one day a face that was so exceeding full of work, and wrought up to so extraordinary a perfection. I believe, said he, that he painted it over fourteen times. And upon that he took occasion to speake of Mr. Nicolas Lanière's picture of Sr. Anto. V. D. doing which, said he, Mr Lanière himself told me he satt seaven entire dayes for it to Sr. Anto: and that he painted upon it of all these seaven dayes both morning and afternoon, and only intermitted the time they were at dinner. And he said, likewise, that tho' Mr. Lanière satt so often and so long for his picture, that he was not permitted so much as once to see it, till he had perfectly finished the face to his own satisfaction. This was the picture which being show'd to King Charles the First caused him to give order that V. Dyck shou'd be sent for over into England." This picture was, indeed, in the King's own collection, together with one of Rinaldo and Armida which he had bought from Endymion Porter. That Vandyck was well received on his arrival in England is shown by a note in the State Paper Office, headed "Things to be done," one of which is "To speak with Inigo Jones concerning a house for Vandike." Apartments were found for him at Blackfriars, and a summer residence at Eltham in Kent.

Two painters, Cornelius Janssen and Daniel Mytens, both held posts under the King at this time, receiving fees of £20 per annum. Charles, however, realising the superior gifts of Vandyck, gave him the appointment of Principal Painter in Ordinary to their Majesties. Mytens was so much hurt by this that he asked permission of the King to return to the Hague. But Charles, guessing the cause, told him very graciously that he could find employment for both Vandyck and himself. Mytens, however, did return after a few years to his own country.

Vandyck's courtly manner and refinement greatly contributed to win him the favour of the King, with whom he created an immediate and powerful interest. Charles would frequently go in his barge from the palace at Whitehall to inspect the work of the painter; and he would remain for hours in his studio watching the progress of some favourite picture, delighting to talk with him on the subject of art, and to forget for a while the already gloomy aspect of political affairs. Three months after his arrival the King conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, presenting him with a gold chain from which hung a portrait of the monarch. During the first two years of his stay the painter was kept constantly

employed, and in 1633 he was granted an annual pension of £200 sterling. This example prompted the nobles and courtiers to employ him also, and it became the fashion for every one to be painted by the Flemish master. Among those who patronised him in this way was Sir Kenelm Digby, whose wife, Lady Venetia Digby, he painted many times. In one of these canvases, now at Windsor, she is represented in the character of Prudence, sitting in a white robe with a coloured veil and a girdle of gems. She extends her hand towards two white doves, and the other arm is encircled by a serpent. She has beneath her feet a beam, to which are bound, in the form of slaves, Deceit with two faces, Anger with furious aspect, lean Envy crowned with serpents, profane Love blindfold, with clipped wings and broken bow, his arrows scattered and his torch extinguished, with other naked figures the size of life. Above, a glory of angels with instruments and singing, three of them holding the palm and the garland over the head of Prudence, in token of victory and triumph over the vices, and the motto from Juvenal: "Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia."

The relations of Vandyck with the beautiful Countess were of an intimate nature, as is proved by the following story. One evening when he was

at the house of his friend and patron, the Count of Aremburg, who was at this time Ambassador from the German Emperor at the Court of Whitehall, he had taken a hand with several other courtiers at the gaming-table. The play ran high, and fortune at first favoured Vandyck, who before long found himself the possessor at a single stroke of five hundred pounds. The Lady Venetia was present in the brilliant gathering, and Vandyck, according to his wont, was stationed beside her chair. The lucky painter bent over her white shoulders to gather up his winnings, which were in gold; but the lovely Countess stopped him, crying, "Hold out both your hands!" So stretching forth his hands, which were hardly less white and delicate than her own, Lady Digby poured a stream of gold into them. But as he was in the act of withdrawing them, she rose hastily to take up the remainder, and accidentally struck her shoulder against his hands, and their contents were spilled in a golden shower upon her breast. A few coins fell to the ground, but the larger number slipped out of sight into her bosom. The dress of the Countess, according to the fashion of the time, was somewhat loose at the breast, and a fan-shaped ruff of stiff lace, rising from the front of her bodice to a considerable height at the back of the

head, greatly facilitated the passage of the fugitive pieces, which disappeared accordingly.

"A new Danae," cried Carew the poet on beholding the mishap, as the lady, startled by the coldness of the coins, sprang hastily to her feet. "Jupiter was never so seductive as when he descended in a shower of gold," added Killigrew meaningly, referring to the notorious attentions which the painter was paying at that time to the Countess.

Lady Digby expressed her regrets at being unable to return the coins forthwith; but Vandyck passed the matter off lightly, saying that he envied the good fortune which had fallen to the lot of the senseless metal; and the play went on as if nothing had happened. But fortune from that moment seemed to desert the painter, and in a short space of time he had lost not only the whole of his winnings, but also all the money of which he was at the time possessed. Bidding good evening to the assembled guests, he therefore made his exit and proceeded homewards in his splendid carriage. But he had scarcely covered half the distance to his home in Blackfriars before he heard some one call him loudly by name; and a young man, rushing forward and opening the carriage door, succeeded in springing into the vehicle while it was still in motion. No sooner had he done so than he threw himself upon the breast of Vandyck and remained speechless.

"Is it you, Fiammingo?" exclaimed Vandyck in Italian. The young man, who appeared by his breathless condition to have been running for dear life, replied only by sobs.

Now this Fiammingo was one of the most devoted friends and one of the most gifted pupils of Vandyck. As a painter he fell little short of his master in dexterity, but unfortunately he was entirely lacking in the necessary powers of application. He would dash off a battle-piece or a hunting scene, which were his favourite subjects, in an hour or two; and these he handled in the broad and masterly way which he had learned of Vandyck. Although not yet beyond his twentythird year, he had already squandered a large fortune in dissipation, and it was in the hope of leading him from his dissolute habits that Vandyck had persuaded the young man to follow him to England. Unfortunately Vandyck was himself the last person in the world to serve as a model in this respect; and the dissipation of London life had but completed the decay of Fiammingo's fortunes and of his physique, and the young man appeared to be completely lost both to art and to himself.

Vandyck threw his arms protectingly round the terrified youth, but instantly recoiled in horror.

"What in Heaven's name is this?" cried he, holding up his hand, which had lain upon the breast of the youth.

"Blood, Signore, blood!" replied Fiammingo. "Would to God that the thrust had been better aimed, or that the wound of Lord Wentworth had been equally slight!"

In answer to the startled questionings of Vandyck, the young man told how that he had quarrelled in a tavern with his bosom friend, Lord Wentworth, and how, being heated with wine, they had agreed to settle their differences there and then with their swords; and the consequence was that Lord Wentworth had been killed on the spot, while he himself had escaped with only a slight wound in the breast.

This tale threw Vandyck into the utmost alarm for the safety of his young friend, knowing as he did that the severity of the English laws against duelling would in this case be increased by the high rank of the victim, and the fact that the fight had taken place without witnesses. He saw that the only chance of safety for the youth lay in instant flight; but, alas! for this money was necessary. Fiammingo was penniless, and Vandyck

had just lost all his ready money at the table. He accordingly ordered his coachman to return at once to the house of Count Aremburg, intending to apply to him for assistance. But the house was already closed; and not wishing to disturb the family, Vandyck drove to Ludgate Hill to the house of Lord Digby. Here he found the doors still open; and he asked to see Lady Venetia, who at once appeared, she having evidently arrived home only a few moments before him. Vandyck briefly related the story of his unlucky friend, pointed out the urgency of the matter, and ended by begging from her a loan of a hundred pounds.

Lady Venetia listened sympathetically to his story, but unfortunately her ill-luck at play had been as great as his own, and she was quite unable herself to assist him. However, she rang and summoned an attendant, but only to find that her husband had left London the evening before. She therefore ordered the house-steward to appear. The latter, roused from his slumbers, arrived on the scene only to inform her that he had received the strictest injunctions from Lord Digby not to advance her the smallest sum before his return. The Countess, indignant at the refusal, dismissed him angrily; but after a while turned to Vandyck saying, "Be comforted, Sir

Antony; I must have sufficient for your purpose upon my person, for you must remember that I have this evening played the part of Danae."

So saying she retired to her boudoir, while Vandyck waited in the ante-chamber. Her tirewoman was in attendance and immediately began laying aside her dress, and in a few moments nothing but the bodice prevented her from taking the treasure. "One moment," cried the Countess, "there is no time to spare, and if I remain standing the coins will roll into every corner of the room; it will take us, at least, an hour to find them." "Have you coins in your bodice?" cried the maid-servant in astonishment. "Certainly! take care they do not fall." She then threw herself upon a splendid couch, and in this position the maid removed the rest of her clothing and collected the gold; and in obedience to the orders of her mistress carried it forthwith to Vandyck. His youthful friend, thus provided with money, made good his escape to Dover, and thence embarking for the Continent reached Milan in safety.

Vandyck found it impossible to banish from his mind the strange events of the evening; and as, from that day on, Lady Venetia refused to admit him to her presence, he painted, to console

himself for the loss of her society, and as a memento of the adventure, his magnificent version of the myth of Danae, at the moment when Zeus descended into her arms in a shower of gold. The Argive princess and her nurse were represented by portraits of Lady Venetia and her attendant; and no sooner had he completed the work than he forwarded it to the fair original with the following note: "Why should Beauty blush to own that she has been immortalised by Art?" The next day the Countess, relenting, visited the painter at his house in Blackfriars to thank him for the gift, which was forthwith exhibited to the admiration of the world at the house of Lord Digby.

Lady Venetia died suddenly in her thirtythird year; and Vandyck painted a portrait of her lying dead with a faded rose beside her. Her expression is exceedingly beautiful, and like that of a person in tranquil sleep.

The munificent way in which he was treated by the King, and the large patronage he received from all the nobility and Court, soon permitted him to indulge the luxurious habits to which he was naturally prone. As a young man he had seen with envious eyes the lavish scale upon which Rubens lived; and lodging, during his



.I. tan Dyck

THE REST ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT (Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow)

Italian travels, in the palaces of princes, he had acquired a strong taste for high living. Indeed, in Rome his dress and equipage had been so splendid that they had earned for him the nickname of "Il Pittore Cavalieresco." And now that he was the possessor of abundant wealth, he gave way to the wildest extravagances, seeking even to rival, in the grandeur of his dress and the splendour of his household, the persons of the highest rank with whom he associated. He would prepare magnificent repasts for the entertainment of his sitters, and would detain them to dinner with the intention of studying their features and expression, in order that he might retouch the portrait at a second sitting in the afternoon.

He was particularly fond of music, and, on account of the frequent visits of the King, his studio became the general resort of the noblemen and courtiers, as well as of all those who sought their patronage. In this way his house became a gathering-place for all the talent and wit of London, and a visit to the studio of Vandyck was considered by the fashionables of the time as an indispensable part of the day's routine. Of a gallant and amorous nature, Vandyck was lavish towards his many mistresses, one of whom was the notorious Margaret Lemon.

On one occasion, when the King was visiting him, the Earl of Arundel, Lord Steward of the Household, having spoken by chance of money matters, Charles turned suddenly to Vandyck saying, "And you, sir knight, know you what it is to lack three or four thousand pounds?" "Yes, sire," replied the painter; "he who keeps open house to his friends and open purse for his mistresses soon comes to find a vacuum in his coffers." His voluptuous nature was fated to be his undoing. Conscious of this weakness, he has several times painted the dramatic episode of Samson and Delilah, and also that of Rinaldo and Armida.

The galleries of almost all the great English houses were soon filled with his work. The portraits which he painted during the first years of his stay are in many ways the best, for as the need and the longing for riches grew upon him, he adopted more and more the habit of rapid and careless work. The famous Jabach, who was his intimate friend and whose portrait he painted three times, speaking to him one day of the short time which he gave to each portrait, Vandyck replied that in the beginning it had been his habit to work very assiduously and to take great pains with his pictures, for the sake of his

reputation, and to learn to do them quickly when the state of his finances should require it. But in later days his mode of working was far more rapid. He fixed the day and hour of the sitting with the person whom he was about to paint, and never worked more than an hour at a time at a portrait, either to sketch it in or to finish it; and when the clock pointed to the hour, he would get up and make a bow to his sitter, as much as to say that that was sufficient for that day, and arranged with him for another day and another hour. After which his man-servant came in to clean his brushes and set another palette for him, while he received the next person with whom he had made an appointment. manner he would work upon several portraits in a day with extraordinary rapidity. After having lightly sketched in a portrait, he placed the sitter in the position which he had already arranged in his mind, and with black and white chalk on grey paper he would draw in, in a quarter of an hour, his figure and his dress, which he would arrange in the grandest manner and with faultless taste. He then handed over this sketch to the facile workmen whom he had with him, to paint it in on canvas from the clothes which his sitters had, by his request, sent for that purpose. His

pupils having done what they could to the draperies in this way, he himself would lightly work over it, and put upon it in a very short time the stamp of his own style. When he wanted to paint in the hands, he had in attendance models of both sexes from whom he drew them. The extreme similarity of all the hands in his portraits is due to this practice. Individuality of appearance is to be looked for in the face alone.

But however great the patronage he received, and however liberally he was paid for his work, he was compelled to be ever struggling to meet the enormous expenses of his household, and his sedentary life, combined with his luxurious habits, materially injured his never very strong constitution. With the desire to repair his fortunes he was drawn into the foolish search for the philosopher's stone, and so ruined his health and impoverished himself the more with his chemical researches. Jan Lievens, when in England, visited him and found him crouching over his crucible, emaciated and feeble. He became the dupe of every kind of wandering charlatan; Polish chemists, German vagabonds, and Italian pickpockets all came to prey upon the misguided artist. His legitimate earnings vanished in smoke and went to fill the pockets of miscreants.

His greed of gain so took possession of him that it frequently got the better of his good manners. When he was one day painting the portrait of Queen Henrietta, she noticed that he was working upon the hands with a degree of attention unusual with him; and she asked him why he was paying more attention to them than to her face. "It is because I expect from those lovely hands a generous recompense, and one worthy of their perfection," replied Vandyck.

He was deeply enamoured of Lady Stanhope, who herself loved another. He painted her portrait, and, while she sat to him, overwhelmed her with protestations of his attachment. But when the time came for paying for the work, he started a dispute with her over the price, and declared that if she did not give him the sum demanded he would dispose of her portrait to a less parsimonious purchaser.

But it was the earnest wish of the King to draw him away from his wild and reckless living. He decided therefore to marry him to one of the ladies of his Court, and sent Buckingham and Digby on one occasion to the artist to see how he would receive the proposal. Vandyck greeted them peevishly enough, complaining ever of the way in which the King neglected him. Digby assured

him that if Charles had seemed to neglect him of late, it was the anxiety of State matters and the gloomy outlook of political affairs, and not any lack of sympathy for the painter, which had kept him from his accustomed visits. He then broached the object of their visit, showing him a miniature portrait of the lady in question, who was indeed none other than Mary Ruthven, the daughter of the Earl of Gore. Vandyck appeared to be greatly delighted with it, and immediately wished to accompany his friends to Court to meet his future wife. But Buckingham stopped him, saying that he would not find the lady in the audience chamber; but that she held the post of governess to the young Prince of Wales and his two sisters, and that if he wished to see her and have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her, he must take with him his painting materials and make pretence of painting the royal children. He would be able to see and speak to her without fear of interruption. On arriving at Court the King received him graciously, and forthwith commanded him to paint the children, saying meaningly that if they proved restless sitters, he was sure that Mary Ruthven would do her best to keep them quiet.

Vandyck made the best of his opportunities, and, although the painting of the royal children



A. van Dyck

Mansell

KING CHARLES'I A LA CHASSE
(The Louvre)

progressed but slowly, his suit was accepted, and shortly afterwards he led the beautiful Mary Ruthven to the altar.

Vandyck made a journey to the Continent, to Paris, shortly after this, hoping that, like his master Rubens, he would obtain employment from the French king, who was at that time thinking of decorating the Louvre with paintings. But unfortunately his hopes were shattered by the arrival of Nicolas Poussin, who had been summoned by the King from Italy, and who, then at the height of his fame and prosperity, received the commission for the work. Poussin, however, was himself in the end dismissed, and his place taken by a mediocre artist. Vandyck returned in disgust to England after wasting two months in the French capital.

But during his absence the political outlook in England had become ever gloomier. The Long Parliament had assembled and had already condemned Lord Strafford. In the month of March 1641 the royal family dispersed, and the unhappy Charles took refuge in the city of York, and his wife crossed to the Continent. Vandyck was overwhelmed with grief at the misfortunes of a family which he loved and which had so liberally protected him, and the public disasters

and his own private misfortunes combined to ruin his already weakened constitution. King Charles on his return from the North took pity on him, in spite of his own miserable position. He offered a reward of £300 to his own doctor if he could cure the sufferer. The efforts of the latter were, however, fruitless, and the painter expired in the arms of his wife at his house in Blackfriars on the 9th of December. Two days later he was buried in the choir of St. Paul's near the tomb of John of Gaunt; but his grave was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, and nothing now remains of him but his immortal paintings.

CHAPTER XIII

JAKOB JORDAENS

JORDAENS came of a family of merchants and old-clothes men, and was born on the 10th of May 1593. At the age of eleven he was put with Adam van Noort, who was also the master of Rubens, to learn painting; but later on he left that studio to work as an assistant to Rubens. His name was inscribed upon the roll of the brotherhood of St. Luke as a "tempera painter." Now it was the custom at that time to decorate rooms with painted cloth, which took the place of tapestry and Cordova leather. Jordaens' father dealt in this cloth, and it was his plan to employ his son in colouring it, and thus largely to increase his profit. He therefore had him taught tempera painting. But the powerful talents of the young man were much above this mechanical and commercial kind of work, and it was not long before he revolted against it.

It is said that while working in the studio of Rubens, his brilliance awoke the jealousy of

his master, not only because he equalled him in the matter of colour, but because he rendered the passions better, and was more true to life. So that when occasion arose to do his pupil harm, Rubens took it. A commission had been given him by the King of Spain to paint some cartoons for tapestry in tempera. The vigorous master thought that the use of tempera would tend to spoil the hand of his youthful rival and enfeeble his colour. He therefore finished some small oil-sketches, and told Jordaens to copy them as cartoons of the size required. Jordaens carried through the work with all his usual skill, but found himself handicapped by the colder colours of the tempera, and could not obtain the warmth or the energy that was usually characteristic of his work. But this cannot apply to his later work, which is as full of splendour and vigour as his earliest.

He received a visit on one occasion from Nicolas Maas, who came from Dordrecht and who had studied under Rembrandt. Maas was a very popular portrait-painter, who had started working in the dark manner of his master, but soon abandoned it for a lighter tone, finding that brilliant colours were more pleasing to the young ladies for whom he worked. Overwhelmed with



Nicholas Maes

A SPINNER (Amsterdam)

Mansell

orders and very hard-working, he resolved to spend a holiday in travelling through his native country and Belgium, and visiting the famous men of his own profession. Going to Antwerp he found recreation in studying the works of Rubens and Vandyck, and among the other living artists whom he visited was Jordaens. A pupil who came to open the door to him led him into a saloon full of splendid paintings; and while waiting for the master to appear, Maas fell to examining them and paying great attention to the finest of them. Jordaens was watching him as he was thus employed through the half-open door, and after a short time he came in and paid him his compliments, saying that he must either be an artist or a notable connoisseur, because he had only paid attention to the best things. When they had talked for some time on the subject of painting, and after Jordaens had shown the visitor all his own work, he added, "And you, what is your profession?" Maas, overcome by the splendid things which he had just seen, replied with a timid and diffident air, "I paint portraits." "I am sorry for you," replied Jordaens, thinking of the irritating remarks, the pretences, the caprices, of those who pose as connoisseurs of art or who wish to be

flattered out of all reason. Maas told him how on one occasion a lady, who was anything but beautiful, had come to him, wishing to have her portrait painted by him; and he conceived the malicious idea of painting her exactly as she was, with her sickly-coloured face and her small-pox marks. The sitter, getting up to see how the work was progressing, made a fearful grimace and cried, "What on earth is that thing you have put on your canvas? Not my face, I am quite certain. If one were to carry that awful thing out into the street, all the dogs would bark at it." Maas, understanding the source of her indignation, replied, "It is not yet finished, madame; if you will kindly take your place once more, I will put the finishing touches to it." He took up his brushes again, worked out the pock-marks, and spread over the lady's face a lovely rose blush. "Now the portrait is finished," said he at length. "You may come and examine it." No sooner had the lady set eyes on it than she cried delightedly, "At last! that is truly a good likeness. Don't touch it again, I beg you." The less it resembled her the more it seemed to her to be a good likeness.

Jordaens worked at such a pace that he filled not only Belgium and Holland with his works, but also the neighbouring countries. His pictures were composed in a large and natural manner; there is great vigour in the drawing of the nude, much largeness in the treatment of the stuffs, and the workmanship is perfect, especially as regards the colour. It would require at least a volume to describe all his paintings. It is said, as a proof of the rapidity and ease with which he worked, that one of his vast landscapes, containing life-size figures of Pan and Syrinx, was painted in six days.

He was born a Catholic, but shortly after his marriage he embraced the reformed faith, and his wife and her father followed his example. Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism, gave the painter a commission for a "Passion" series, in twelve pictures. But whatever were the religious opinions of Jordaens, the fact remains that he painted a number of pictures for the priesthood. Unfortunately most of his religious pictures, for whatsoever patron, are but vulgar parodies of their subject. Almost all his faces have an intoxicated appearance, and such a subject as the "Last Supper" he turns into a kind of carousal of boors.

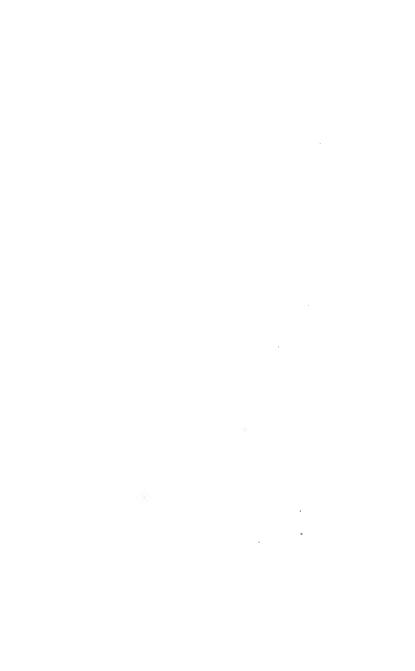
This is the more remarkable, since his religious feelings must have been very sincere to have induced him to forsake the safe protection of Catholicism and to become one of the persecuted Protestants. For under Spanish rule all their services had to be carried on in the completest secrecy and by night; and their places of meeting had constantly to be changed, on the slightest suspicion that the Spaniards knew of them.

The reformed religion, nevertheless, always flourished at Antwerp, in secrecy and silence. The Huguenots even chose ministers, and a consistory court called, metaphorically, "The Brabant Mount of Olives." Terror and piety presided like two sombre genii over these perilous assemblies, these communions in the dark. Sometimes the pastors did not dare to fulfil their duties. They went always in fear of being denounced by the secret jealousy of their servants or betrayed by their gossip. In 1665 a servant-woman, who had known of their place of meeting for some time, abjured Calvinism, and the terror of the proscribed Protestants was at its height. They never met more than twice in the same house. and redoubled their prudence.

Jordaens painted both religious and pagan subjects; but he was too apt to carry into his religious subjects the drunken gaiety of his secular pictures, and his apostles and Virgins,

Facob Fordaens

AN ALLEGORY OF FECUNDITY (Brussels)



as we have said, too often have the look of having come out of an Antwerp tavern. It is unquestionably in his pagan and secular subjects that his true spirit found expression. The "Autumn" or "Abundance" is one of the most splendid paintings of the nude in existence.

CHAPTER XIV

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN

THE great Rembrandt came of humble stock, his father being a well-to-do miller, who owned a mill between Leyerdorp and Konkerk on the Rhine, just outside Leyden. Rembrandt was the fifth child, and was born on the 15th of June in the year 1606. Living so near the great University of Leyden, it was naturally the ambition of even quite poor folk in that district to send one of their children to study there; and his parents decided that Rembrandt was to be the learned man of the family, and accordingly he was sent to the Latin school in Leyden, and, later on, to the University. But he had shown at an early age a strong inclination towards drawing and painting, and this soon led his parents to alter their resolution. He was put instead to learn the rudiments of art with Jakob Isaacz van Zwanenburch, a painter of some repute in his day and a member of an aristocratic Leyden family, who had made the usual stay in Italy, where he had been a follower of Adam Elsheimer.

He had returned to his native city, where he lived until his death, honoured by his fellow-citizens probably as much on account of his social position as for his talents as a painter, which were evidently not of a very high order. Rembrandt cannot have learned much beyond the rudiments of drawing and painting with him, but was probably better looked after by his master than most apprentices at that time were. Their articles of apprenticeship were as a rule of the most harsh nature, and they were exposed to treatment from which the least enduring often took refuge in flight. Rembrandt stayed for three years with Van Zwanenburch, during which time his progress was so rapid that his friends were altogether amazed at it and prophesied for him a brilliant career. Now that he could learn nothing more from this master, and that he was old enough to leave his parents, he was sent to Amsterdam to the studio of Pieter Lastman, an artist of considerable celebrity at that time. Van Zwanenburch had known Lastman in Rome, and it was no doubt by his advice that Rembrandt went to his studio.

In this studio he had for a companion Jan Lievens, afterwards famous as a painter and etcher, but most of all for his beautiful woodcut portraits, which rank among the great masterpieces

of that art. The brilliant gifts of the two young friends soon began to be noised abroad, and all people believed in a great future for them both But it was not long before Rembrandt got beyond any master's teaching, and he therefore soon returned to his father's house to work at his art by himself. He still however went frequently. backwards and forwards to Amsterdam, to paint portraits and to dispose of his pictures. It is said that the wonderful effects of light, for which he was afterwards to become so famous, were in the beginning suggested to him by the interior of his father's mill, where the windows were small, and the rays, penetrating the blackness within, would produce the startling and magical effects which Rembrandt loved.

A number of portraits exist of his father, painted at this time, showing him a man with sharp intelligent features and a broad forehead, suggesting considerable mental power and will. We see him in some of them dressed in helmed and breastplate, showing that he occupied some post in the town-guard. From his mother Rembrandt must have gained the deep love and knowledge of the Bible which is so noticeable in all his work. In most of his portraits of her she holds a Bible in her hand.



Rembrandt

T. R. Annan & Sons

A MAN IN ARMOUR (Glasgow)

Rembrandt and his friend Lievens were strongly advised at this time by the various amateurs who were interested in them to make the usual journey to Italy. But they both showed how fully they realised the true aim of art when they refused to go, knowing well the disastrous effect that such journeys had had upon the majority of their countrymen. Rembrandt's answer, that his native land was so full of beauties that one lifetime was too short to paint even a portion of them, shows the sincerity of his love for nature.

During his repeated visits to Amsterdam Rembrandt was in the habit of lodging with his friend Hendrick van Uylenborch, a dealer in fine art and antiquities, who published and sold his etchings for him and found him purchasers for his paintings. Finally he decided to come and settle for good in Amsterdam, on receiving the commission for the famous "Anatomy Lesson" from Dr. Nicolas Tulp. This magnificent but rather gruesome picture shows the famous anatomist demonstrating upon a corpse to a number of pupils, who crowd round the table where it lies outstretched. The marvel of the work lies in the profound truth of the expressions of the group. Horror, intense surprise, keen curiosity, mild indifference, all these are shown with extraordinary

force upon the faces of the listeners, while the calm and stolid doctor emphasises some delicate problem with uplifted finger and thumb, a look of quiet knowledge upon his face.

Rembrandt brought his unmarried sister Lysbeth with him to Amsterdam to keep house for him. His first home was with his friend Van Uylenborch at his house in the Breestraat. It was this friend. indeed, who first encouraged Rembrandt in his disastrous habit of collecting, which was to become such a passion with him, and which was the chief source of the misfortunes and poverty of his later years. He was a frequent attendant at art sales, where it was his custom to start the bidding for anything he coveted with such an enormous sum that no one else would venture to bid against him. This he would excuse by saying that he wished to bring his own profession into better repute by showing that pictures and works of art were worth much more than people usually paid for them. He would even buy up prints of his own etchings all over Europe, paying large prices in order to stimulate public interest in them. Numerous accounts of art sales exist where Rembrandt's name figures as a purchaser, sometimes of a dozen copies of the same print, which shows that he was also doing some art-dealing on his own account.



Rembranal

THE ANATOMY LESSON (The Hagne)

The success of the "Anatomy Lesson" brought him a quantity of fresh commissions, and in addition numbers of pupils came, desirous of working under him. He therefore rented a warehouse on the Bloemgracht, which he partitioned off into separate rooms, so that each pupil might work in privacy from the living model without disturbing the others.

But when young people are together, especially when there are a number of them, they are certain to be up to mischief of some sort or other, and so it happened in this case. For one day, when one of the pupils wished to draw from a female model, he took the girl up quietly into his own room and closed the door without saying anything. awoke the curiosity of the others, who wanted to know the reason of it; so, taking off their shoes, they crept noiselessly up to the partition, and each peeped in turn through a chink at the pair within. Now it happened to be a hot summer's day, and the young man had relieved himself of his clothes, and was as nude as his model. But, as luck would have it, Rembrandt himself suddenly appeared on the scene to look round, as was his wont, and see what his pupils were doing and correct their work. In this way he came in turn to the room where the two young people were. He found the door shut,

of course, and this awoke his suspicions. So he watched them for some time through the chink, until, amongst other words, he heard the following, "Now we are as free as Adam and Eve in Paradise." Hereupon Rembrandt tapped with his mahl-stick on the door and called out in a loud voice, "But since you are naked, you will have to get out of Paradise," and called out threateningly to the other pupils to open the door. This having been done he drove the two from the room with blows of his mahl-stick; so that they were compelled to rush downstairs with what clothing they could seize and there dress, so as not to come out naked into the street.

Rembrandt as an artist was most rich in ideas, and among his works are to be found innumerable sketches of the same subject; and besides this he was inexhaustible in his power over expression and grouping, and also in the matter of costume. He was most painstaking in his preparations and sketches, sometimes sketching a face as many as ten times in different positions before he placed it on the canvas; and he would spend sometimes two or even three whole days on a head in order to arrange a turban or head-dress according to his liking. His pictures vary to an extraordinary degree in treatment and texture,



Fabritius

Bruckmann

THE GOLDFINCH
(The Hague)

some of the early ones being smooth and minute, while in later times he came to work so broadly and with so thick an impasto that it is said that one of his portraits could be lifted up from the ground by the nose, which projected from the canvas. Sometimes also he would finish one part of a picture with the utmost delicacy, and leave the rest very roughly painted, as a set-off to the head. And he was not to be dissuaded from this method of work by the many persons who disliked it, for he would say in justification of himself that a picture was finished "as soon as the master had expressed in it what he wished to say"; and indeed he went so far in this that it was said that, in order to make a single pearl stand out, he would daub a Cleopatra around it. As an example of his obstinacy in this respect the story goes that one day he was working on a large portrait group in which he had painted a man, a woman, and a child; and when the group was already half-finished a pet ape, to which he was greatly attached, happened to fall sick and die; so, as he had just then no other canvas handy, he included a painting of the dead beast in the group on which he was employed. Naturally his client had not bargained at all to have a disgusting ape lying dead beside him in his portrait. Rembrandt,

however, was so proud of his work that he preferred rather to retain the unfinished canvas than to efface the ape to please his customer. Some time afterwards it was cut up by his pupils to serve for smaller canvases.

In the room of a café at Breda there hung at one time a pair of pictures, to which an interesting story attaches; one represented a richly-dressed lady and the other a scantily-clad shepherdess. The first picture was from the hand of Rembrandt, and the second from the hand of a certain rival, by name Van Kampen.

The owner of the café was wont to tell the story of these two pictures to those who frequented his shop, in the following words. The great name of Rembrandt had put that of Van Kampen into the shade, and it was for this reason that he painted this picture of the young shepherdess, placing on her head a straw hat with a rose, the emblem of modesty, in it, and clothing her in a skirt of red and a yellow bodice, two very strident colours. No sooner had the painter completed his shepherdess than he invited all the connoisseurs to come and see it, begging them to give him their opinion of the work. They came accordingly, and praised it as the finest thing that he had yet produced. The artist then requested them

all to half-close their eyes and to tell him which part of the picture maintained the greatest degree of vigour; and when they all answered unanimously, the face and hands, the painter cried, "Very well, gentlemen, it is just in this that art consists, and not in the misuse of brown and black to make some jewel stand out more strongly, as we see is the way of the great Rembrandt. I have chosen two colours which put all others in the shade by their brilliance, and yet, nevertheless, it is the hands and face of my shepherdess which remain the most important part of the picture; one can see the very blood coursing in the cheeks and hands, whilst the portraits of Rembrandt are most often merely like phantoms." The fact is that Van Kampen was both right and wrong; without a doubt one could see the blood circulating in the flesh of his charming shepherdess, and the whole of it was treated in the most charming manner. But the portrait of Rembrandt was of such force, the lights and shades were so knowingly distributed, and the whole was in such perfect harmony, that his picture drew the gaze of every one the moment they entered the room, whereas, on the other hand, one had to look round for that of Van Kampen.

It is said that in his etchings Rembrandt used

purposely to make small variations after printing a few proofs from the plate, in order to make new states and so obtain more for each subject; for every one who bought an etching would wish to have it in all its states, as "Juno, with and without the Crown," "Joseph with the light and the shaded Heads," and so on. And whether this was done purposely or not, it is true that there exist a great number of states of almost all his most important etchings.

Shortly after settling in Amsterdam, Rembrandt made the acquaintance of Hendrick's cousin, Saskia van Uylenborch, and the friendship rapidly developed into a betrothal, and they were married in the year 1634. Rembrandt was destined to enjoy but eight years of married life, but these were the happiest of his life. Commissions poured in upon him, and he was now recognised as the first painter in Holland. He obtained high prices for his pictures—for a half-length portrait 500 guilders, and for a Scriptural or historical subject as much as 1200 guilders. In addition to what he earned by his art, Saskia brought him a dowry of 40,000 guilders. Indeed, his income at this time was in all probability not less than from 12,000 to 14,000 guilders, or between £5000 and £6000 of our money. This permitted of his indulging freely his tastes as a collector, and he loaded his young wife with jewels and costly furs and dresses. In all the portraits of himself and his wife, painted at this time, their dress is of the greatest richness, and shows the reckless liberality with which Rembrandt spent his money. Indeed, Saskia's sumptuous appearance soon awoke the envy of her less fortunate neighbours—in particular, of course, her own relations—who began to express in the strongest terms their disapproval of the extravagance of the pair, and accused Rembrandt of being a spendthrift. In fact, these accusations became so annoying that Rembrandt was at length compelled to raise an action for libel against Meyke and Albertus van Loo, the brother of his brother-in-law, because the latter had accused Saskia of squandering her patrimony in ostentation and display; whereas, as Rembrandt represented to the court, he and his wife "were, without any boasting, most richly and ex superabundanti provided with means (for which they can never sufficiently thank the Almighty)." The court, however, dismissed Rembrandt's suit, and judged that each party should pay their respective costs.

But we know how lavish Rembrandt actually was in his purchases of antiquities and objets

d'art at this time from the valuations of his property at the time of Saskia's death. The dealers valued his antiquities at 11,000 guilders and his pictures at 6400 guilders. In addition to these there was also the collection of drawings and engravings, containing complete sets of Italian and German masters, such as Mantegna, Schöngauer and Albert Durer.

But outside his own home, and in his dealings with strangers, he is reported to have been most miserly. His pupils, who knew this, would often jokingly paint small pieces of money on the floor or other parts of the workroom, in such a way that he could not fail to see them. Rembrandt would come by, and, seeing them, would try to pick them up; and then, embarrassed at finding his mistake, would pretend not to notice anything further.

The brilliant good fortune of his early married life was not destined to last long. In the year 1641 he received the commission to paint the famous "Night Watch," which was to be a portrait group of the company of Arquebusiers of Amsterdam, with their captain, Francis Banning Cocq. Pictures of this kind, representing groups of soldiers or the heads of a guild or society, were common enough in those days; the superb

examples by Franz Hals are an instance of them, and Rembrandt himself had already painted something of a similar nature in the "Anatomy Lesson," already spoken of; the magnificent "Syndics of the Cloth-merchants" is another example, and perhaps the finest, of his treatment of the large portrait group. Painters were usually content to abide by the traditional mode of treating the subject, placing all the heads on a level, and giving to each an equal importance. This is undoubtedly what the worthy town-guard of Amsterdam looked to get from Rembrandt when they each subscribed their share to the picture. The price was 1600 guilders for the whole work, and that would mean a not inconsiderable sum for each member of the group. But Rembrandt brought to the work not the cleverness of a commercial portrait-painter, but the genius of a great artist, with strong views as to the composition and lighting of a picture. In short, he regarded the work less as a group of exact portraits than as an opportunity for fine massing and arrangement of light and shade. Going to work in this manner, he was inevitably led to give more importance to some parts of the picture than to others. The picture shows the band issuing out of the town gate, with their captain and

lieutenant at their head. Nothing better could be desired from their own point of view than the representation of the two officers. On them falls the main light, and they are by far the most important personages in the picture. But the rank and file, loading guns and waving flags, are quite subordinated to them, and those who bring up the rear take a very minor place. Some of their faces are partly in shadow and their bodies hidden, and one cannot help feeling that there was much justification for the bitter complaints which the picture evoked from them. They regarded such treatment as in the nature of a slight, and they expressed their dissatisfaction in the strongest manner. Rembrandt remained perfectly indifferent to these complaints, and refused to alter the picture in any way; but a severe blow had been struck at his reputation, and from this time undoubtedly dates the waning of his good fortunes.

Three of Saskia's children died in infancy, and after the birth of the fourth, a son who was christened Titus, the mother's health began to give way. She died in June 1642, and was buried in the Oudekerk. With her Rembrandt buried his life's happiness, and the rest of his story is a progress from bad to worse until the end. Saskia directed by her will that Rembrandt should enjoy

a life-use of her property and that he should have the disposal of it, without obligation to render any account of it whatever, she trusting him as she knew him to be an honourable man; but there was one condition under which he should enjoy this privilege, and that was that he should remain unmarried.

After his wife's death Rembrandt engaged as a nurse for the little Titus a woman named Geertge Dircx, the widow of a trumpeter, who soon became warmly attached to the child and by her will left all her property to him. shortly afterwards, in 1649, she left Rembrandt's house, and not long after complained to him that the annuity which he was allowing her was insufficient for her maintenance, and finally she came before the matrimonial court to bring an action against Rembrandt for breach of promise. She said that the relationship between them had been of the most intimate kind, and, in spite of his denials, he was ordered to increase the sum which he had voluntarily been paying her; but that Rembrandt's version of the matter was the true one, and that there had been no sort of intimacy between them, is made probable by the fact that in the following year Geertge was placed at his expense in the madhouse at Gouda.

The most probable cause of Geertge's quarrel with Rembrandt was a young girl named Hendrickje Stoffels, who did in fact appear as one of the witnesses on his behalf in the lawsuit between the pair. Rembrandt became warmly attached to this girl, and in course of time she bore him three children, only two of which survived. The conduct of the pair soon became a matter of public remark among their puritanical neighbours, and Hendrickje was summoned before the church council and severely reproved for her conduct, being forbidden to receive the sacrament.

Rembrandt would willingly have made her his wife, had it not been for that clause in Saskia's will of which mention has been made, under which he lost the life-use of her money in the event of remarriage; he was too poor, his means of livelihood too miserably uncertain to risk it; and that the life of the pair together was decorous and sober is certain, and Titus always treated Hendrickje as his second mother, and bit by bit their neighbours came to regard them as legally man and wife and to treat them accordingly. This is proved by the papers relating to an action which took place in 1661 for damage committed one night in the neighbourhood of their house by a drunkard. Hendrickje, called with other inhabitants of the

quarter as a witness in the trial, is spoken of as "the lawful wife of Rembrandt the painter." Unfortunately her health was not good, and became matter for anxiety about this time. She accordingly made her will, by which her daughter Cornelia was her heiress; but in case the latter died childless, Titus, her stepson, was to succeed. Rembrandt was to be her daughter's guardian and enjoy the use of whatever moneys she left.

After Hendrickje's death in 1664, Rembrandt's own health began gradually to give way and his sight became affected. The result of his long and unremitting toil, and the unhealthy sedentary life resulting from it, are clearly to be seen in the portraits of himself which he painted about this Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine anything more tragic, or more eloquent of the great artist's struggles, than the contrast which exists between the slovenly-dressed, wrinkled, sad-eyed old man and the gay and sprightly cavalier we see in so many of the earlier etchings and paintings. Contrast the early etching of "Rembrandt with the laughing face" with the mournful portrait in the Uffizzi Gallery: Rembrandt's life-story lies between them. Left to himself, his creditors began to worry him again, and his goods were once more sold up.

His pictures went for nothing, and it is even said on good authority that some of his portraits were bought for six sous apiece. In addition to these misfortunes Titus died after he had been married but a year, and was buried in the Westerkerk in September 1668, and his death must have brought with it fresh troubles for Rembrandt. The partnership into which Titus had gone with Hendrickje for the sale of prints and objets d'art had never been legally dissolved, and he had failed to establish the position of his two children, with a view to settling their respective rights in the matter.

The position which Rembrandt held as a painter in the public esteem in this latter portion of his life and for some time after his death, is shown with much clearness in a curious account of his work by one Gerard de Lairesse, a popular painter of the day, now quite forgotten, who, writing some years after the death of Rembrandt, says of him, that "wishing to paint in a mellow way, he only succeeded in obtaining an effect of rottenness. In a subject his mind was capable only of grasping the coarse and vulgar aspect, and with his yellow and red colour he makes a melancholy exhibition of shadows so hot that they seem scorched, and colours which seem to trickle on the

canvas like mud." But in respect of colour Lairesse considers that Rembrandt "yields nothing to Titian," and that his painting, especially because it is "very natural and full of force, is not absolutely bad." He tells us with fine sincerity that "he cannot deny having once had a certain leaning towards this kind of work"; but hastens to add that he "forswore his error, and forsook that manner of painting which is only founded upon chimeras."

When Rembrandt went bankrupt in 1656, Hendrickje had been able to save from the wreck of his property a little linen and silver of the value of about 600 florins, under pretext that these things properly belonged to her, and had got together a little money, which she bequeathed to Cornelia. But more than once, as was testified after his death by Magdalena van Loo, Rembrandt had been compelled to have recourse to this little store to defray the expenses of the household after Hendrickje's death.

Worn-out by misery, crushed by the death of first one, then another of those dearest to him, the aged master was not long in joining his son. The lack of any contemporary allusion to his death is a sufficient proof of the utter isolation and loneliness in which these last years of his life

were passed. He who had once been the most popular painter of his day, and who was destined to be looked upon by posterity as the greatest genius of his time and country, died without a friend or an acquaintance to notice it. In the death register of the Westerkerk is the only record of his decease. "Tuesday, 8th October, 1669. Rembrandt van Rijn, painter, of the Roozegraft, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children."

CHAPTER XV

DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER AND BROUWER

HARDLY more than a league from the Château de Steen. Rubens' summer residence, stood formerly the Château of Dry Toren or Three Towers, in the village of Perck, where David Teniers the Younger had his abode; and just as their respective homes were near to one another, so in many ways did the painting of Teniers resemble that of the Antwerp master, more especially in the thinness and transparency of his painting. David Teniers became a member of the Guild of St. Luke at Antwerp in the year 1632; but the public in that town showed him no favour whatever, and he was at length obliged to remove to Brussels, where he found a little more success. In Antwerp the popularity of the work of Rubens, which had influenced even his adversaries, had accustomed the people to look in a painting for the most violent actions and the most gorgeous warmth of colour, for figures of the most muscular build. The quiet and tranquil compositions of Teniers, their modest size and their harmonious grey colouring, were held in small esteem by them, and he earned the reputation, at first, of being but a cold and timid painter.

The first to appreciate Teniers at his true worth was the Archduke Leopold William, who commissioned him to paint a number of subjects, and also employed him to collect paintings of the Italian and Dutch masters for his gallery. Teniers' first wife was Anne Brueghel, Velvet Brueghel's daughter, and herself a pupil of Rubens. He lived, when at Antwerp, in the Longue Rue Neuve, in a house which bore the sign of the Siren or Meerminne; like the inns today, nearly every house of a burgess at that time had a distinctive sign of its own, a custom of the people which conformed entirely with their art-loving nature; for the name of a street is easily forgotten, and the number of a house easier still, but a painted or carved symbol which strikes the imagination will remain clearly fixed in the memory. This house of the Siren had been already the home of three celebrated artists in succession during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It had been formerly owned by Velvet Brueghel, who passed it on to his son, and he in his turn had sold it to Erasmus Quellin.

Leopold William named Teniers his chamber-

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lain and his official painter, and made him also the keeper of his private gallery, wherein were a number of works by the Italian masters. David studied closely the manner of these; and, in order to get a better understanding of their methods, he would copy them, and also amused himself by painting compositions in imitation of their manner. It was even said, so closely did he approach the style of the originals, that the authors themselves would have found it a difficult matter to determine which were originals and which imitations. As the result of this he published a volume of engravings bearing the title "Theatre of Paintings of David Teniers," for which he wrote the following preface: "To the admirers of Art, hail! The original paintings of which you here see the engravings are not at all of the same shape or of the same size. Those who wish to know the style and arrangement of the cabinet of his Serene Highness at Vienna, with the number of paintings there are in it, should read the following pages, and should observe the great labour and the length of time which it must have cost me to represent them all to you; in addition to the fact that I am now getting on in years. But the absence of my very clement lord and Mæcenas in Germany has chiefly prevented

me from pursuing my talent more rapidly. Farewell, and enjoy my labours as favourably as I offer them to you, and trust that you will receive them in good part."

There are also pictures by him which give an idea of the sort of duties which he performed under the Archduke Leopold. They represent his collection as it was during his stay in Brussels. In one of them the Prince and several other persons have just entered the gallery, and the artist himself is showing them some drawings spread out upon a table. All around the walls are the paintings, where, in spite of the extremely small size of the copies, it is possible to make out clearly both the subjects represented and the style of the various painters. Not content with protecting Teniers in the Low Countries, Leopold also sent a number of his pictures into other countries of Europe, and particularly into Spain. The monarch of that country was so enthusiastic towards the work of the painter that he desired to buy up all his works. This he was unable to do, as they were feverishly sought after by others; but he had a special gallery built, where he hung those which he was able to procure. considerable number of these works are now to be found in the Gallery of Madrid.

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But that the subjects and the treatment of Teniers' pictures are not pleasing to everybody is shown by the following story. A favourite chamberlain of Louis XIV. named Bontems, influenced by the popular admiration for the painter's work, wished to prepare an agreeable surprise for his master. He therefore bought for the King's cabinet several pictures of Teniers, and put them there without saying anything to any one. The King came in, and, seeing them, cried, "Take away all that rubbish!" The valet was grievously disappointed at the failure of his surprise. The elegance of the French Court had too little in common with the coarse goodhumour of the Flemish peasantry to be impressed by the works of their painter.

But although Teniers sought and found his subjects amidst the humblest surroundings, in the inns and cottages of the country folk, he himself was never a stranger to the society of men of rank, and his house was always the resort of cultured men and amateurs. And, indeed, from being continually in the company of noblemen, the painter longed and aspired to become a noble himself and the social equal of his friends, and dreamed perhaps of attaining the rank of Chevalier, like Rubens and Vandyck. He therefore pre-

sented, in the year 1655, a petition to the Private Council, a most laughable piece of boasting, in which he set forth the imaginary exploits of his ancestors, who were in reality nothing more exalted than merchants and linen-drapers, and asserted, what was wildly improbable, that his grandfather bore a scutcheon, with a helm and mantlings. The application was supported by the King-atarms, Enghelbert Flacchio, called Luxembourg, who declared that the applicant belonged to an honourable family, originally of Hainault, in the quarter of Ath, and that the members of the said family had always borne as their arms "a shield argent, with a bear rampant sable, langued gules, accompanied by three acorns sinople, two in chief and one in point, and in some places for a crest a bear rearing sable, and hatchings of argent and If the painter had spoken of lace, cotton, thread, and needles it would have been more in keeping with the facts. Nevertheless, at the end of two years he received a response; the favour which he had begged of the Court of Spain was granted on one condition, a somewhat ironical one. This was that he should in future carry on his profession free of charge, since the dignity of his new rank demanded it, under pain of sinking again from his rank if he ever received the

David Tenters

GROUP OF PEASANTS IN AN INN (Pinakothek, Munich)

Втисктани

least payment of any kind for his work. The artist was greatly puzzled by this reply, and did not know whether to regard it as a joke, or a masked refusal, or a lesson against pride. have chosen the title would have argued the most extraordinary arrogance, and this check for a time put an end to his aristocratic pretensions. But the wish to die a noble was too strong for him, and later, in 1663, he again made application, only to be met by a fresh evasion. Nevertheless this merchant's grandson continued to use the pretended arms of his family. He had them engraved upon the tomb of his second wife; and one of his grand-nephews, who became abbot of St. Michael, took them as his legal blazonry, with all the pride of an ecclesiastic.

Teniers was not grudging of help to others; he willingly lent his aid to the painters of landscape and architecture. The figures he put into their pictures heightened their value, and indeed he often pushed his kindness so far as to retouch them. Josse de Mompers, a landscape-painter, was often indebted to him for help of this kind. There are canvases of his which have been entirely repainted by Teniers, and into which he has put figures; and, more than this, he has amused himself with imitating the style of Mompers.

Adrian Brouwer, another democrat in painting, who treated very similar subjects to those of Teniers, and who also worked in the house of Rubens, was born at Haarlem (some say at Oudenarde in Flanders) in the year 1608. The boy was the child of very humble and poor parents, and he early showed the vocation for which he was fitted by nature, by making drawings in ink of tulips, or birds, or other objects on the pieces of linen which his mother was stitching, and out of which she made collars and caps for the peasant women. It happened one day that Franz Hals was passing that way and saw the young Adrian quietly sitting at work upon a drawing, which he was doing so gracefully and cleverly that Franz took it into his head to ask him if he also would like to become a painter; to which the boy promptly replied, "Yes, if his mother would allow him to leave her." The great painter therefore asked the mother's permission, and she assented, on the condition that he would feed and clothe the boy. This Franz Hals agreed to do, although, as we shall see, he did not keep his promise.

Adrian progressed in an incredible way under the teaching of Franz Hals, and his master accordingly placed him apart from the other pupils, making him work up in a little attic at the top of the house. The others, however, were curious to know the reason why he had been set apart from them, and they therefore crept up stealthily to his room in order to see what he was doing. When they saw that the despised youngster had become a fine painter, who painted everything in the cleverest manner, their amazement knew no bounds. One of the pupils thereupon jokingly challenged him to paint a series of pictures representing the "Five Senses," at twopence apiece; and these he carried out so well that another of them agreed with him for the "Twelve Months" at the same price; this he also painted in the most admirable way, and they accordingly promised to pay him more for them. Meanwhile the poor Adrian was so completely under the thumb of Hals that he was quite unable to find out anything about the work of other masters; and in addition to this, the painter's wife treated him so badly in the way of food, that the poor fellow's ribs could be counted through his linen vest, and his mind began to wander through excess of hunger; until at length he was persuaded by his fellow-students, among whom the foremost was Adrian van Ostade, to escape and seek his fortune elsewhere. At first he wandered aimlessly through the streets of Haarlem, like those German fellows

who are known by the name of "Barons," who are often seen wandering, between the hours of one and two, through the markets and streets and alleys of the richer parts of Amsterdam, because the landlords of the best inns are so uncharitable that they will not open their doors to the foreigners at that hour. After Brouwer had wandered for some time, and was uncertain what to do next, he went into a ginger-bread shop, where he bought some eatables, and walked towards the Groote Kerk with his bundle, where he sat himself down under the organ, intending to eat his evening meal there to the sound of its music, and consider his future plans. But he was recognised there by a person whom he knew, who often came to the house of his master, and who, seeing Adrian with a look as though he had been poisoned, asked him what was amiss. Brouwer thereupon confessed the whole matter without dissimulation, lamenting over the ill-treatment which he had suffered at the hands of Hals and over the scanty cooking of the master's wife, and showed him that he was as poorly clad as any beggar, saying that he had no clothes in the world but the ones which he was wearing; but most of all he complained of his ill-used stomach, which he declared had more crinkles and folds in it than a Spaniard's purse.

And he drove home this argument by adding that it was as much out of the question to work at painting without food, as it was to fight or to make love on an empty stomach. His hearer was moved by what the young fellow told him, and said that if he would come back with him, he would promise to get Hals to take him in once more without administering a beating, which mode of punishment the latter was much given to. He told Adrian that his master had been running all over the town since he had left, and going from inn to inn seeking him; but in the case of Hals this did not signify much, since it was his daily practice at all times. In short, the man used so many strong arguments that in the end the unfortunate Adrian allowed himself to be persuaded, and set off for his master's house with the guide, like the Prodigal Son.

In this meek fashion, then, he returned to his master, who made fun of the poor lad and behaved to him in the most disagreeable way, promising to cut off one of his arms or legs if he ever so much as attempted to run away again. The guide let him rage for a time, and then, sending Brouwer out of the room, he started blaming Hals for the way in which he had treated the boy, and made him promise in future to feed

him like a prince and to clothe him properly. And, in fact, Hals did partly fulfil these promises, for that very day he took the lad to the rag market, and there bought him a coat, breeches and vest; a new-fashioned kind of suit, like that in which Rembrandt clothed the page in his picture of Haman. And although the clothes fitted the lad about as well as a steel helmet would fit a sparrow, Hals made out that the suit fitted him as well as though it had been painted on his body, and so with this assurance he had to be contented.

This splendid suit was a spur which drove on Adrian to work most diligently, of which diligence Hals made excellent use, for all the amateurs in the city were equally anxious to become possessors of a picture by the unknown artist. But this lucrative business did not go on for long, for some of Adrian's fellow-apprentices got wind of it, and seeing at once how the land lay, they told him outright that he was far too good a painter to let himself be ordered about like a schoolboy, that Hals was pocketing by far the larger share in the profits of his work, and that he was being shamefully treated. With one accord they advised him again to take flight from the slavery which he was enduring in Haarlem,

and to betake himself to Amsterdam, the capital, where he would have no difficulty in finding fame, money, and friends. The young fellow allowed himself to be persuaded for the second time, and set out forthwith for Amsterdam, where he presented himself at the house of an innkeeper named Van Someren, at that time landlord of the inn called the Arms of France, who had himself been a painter in early youth, and who had a son who was a good painter of historical subjects as well as landscape and flowers. With this lover of art Adrian found a more substantial cookery than he had enjoyed with his former master, and there he began to understand the value of his own work, which is by no means a bad thing for a painter to know, and indeed most necessary.

While living thus with the innkeeper Van Someren, he painted a clever little picture, and the landlord, seeing how well it was going, came to the conclusion that he was fully capable of carrying through an important work. He therefore placed in his hands a copper-plate, and bade him do what he pleased upon it, and Adrian accordingly set to work gladly enough. He represented on it a fight between peasants and soldiers, the result of a quarrel over the cards,

which latter could be seen lying in heaps all over the ground, like withered leaves in autumn. One of the men had just received a blow on the head with a can, and farther away were a couple kicking on the ground, already the colour of death, but still struggling to have their revenge with their half-drawn rapiers; while an old peasant with a bloody knife in his hand had just sprung up, only to be intercepted by a soldier with drawn sabre. Behind this group another peasant, bearing in his hand a pair of tongs, was shown in the act of springing down the stairs to the aid of his own party against the soldiers, always the mortal enemies of the peasantry. The various passions of the combatants were observed with a marvellous closeness, and the whole was firmly drawn and brilliantly coloured and executed.

In the meantime it got about who this new artist was, and how he had toiled for such a long time under the drunken Franz Hals, and the art-lovers of the city began to seek him out, running him at length to earth with the landlord Van Someren at the sign of the Arms of France. And a gentleman, named Du Vermandois, who had long been a warm admirer of his work, came thither to find him, desiring to commission something or other from him; and when he saw the

picture just described, painted on the copper-plate, he at once demanded the price of it. Now Van Someren had already told Adrian that a wealthy art-lover was coming to see his work, and that if he should happen to ask the price of that particular picture, he was not to say a penny less than a hundred silver ducats, and that it was quite probable that he would obtain that sum. no sooner had the patron asked him the price of it than Brouwer began to stroke his whiskers and say that it had cost him much time and labour and so forth, but he had not the courage to demand, all at once, such a great sum as a hundred ducats. At length, however, he managed to stammer out the price, to which Du Vermandois consented at once, and took him along with his picture to his house to receive the money. Brouwer was amazed to find his pockets crammed so full of silver, and running back with it jingling in his pockets to the inn, he turned it all out on to his bed and lay down and wallowed in it.

But now comes the sad part of the affair. Having gathered the ducats together again he stowed them back into his pockets, and betook himself out of the house without saying a word to a soul, and no one knew what had become of him. At the end of nine days he came back to

his lodging late in the evening in a high state of excitement, laughing, singing and shouting; and on being asked the reason of his merriment, and what had become of all his hundred silver ducats, he replied, "Heaven be praised, I am rid of all that ballast." It is unhappily true that this was the habit of the great artist upon all occasions, an example which has had far too many followers among others of his profession.

Brouwer lived for some time in Amsterdam, but at length he found that his numerous creditors were becoming altogether too much of a nuisance with their importunity, and he accordingly made up his mind to seek refuge in Antwerp, in which city it was not held a disgrace for a painter to possess nothing in the world but the shirt on his back, and where the greatest artists loitered about without linen in the summer and without a cloak in the winter. Antwerp, in fact, seemed to him an ideal home for a man of his way of living. But unfortunately in his haste to get there he neglected to provide himself with a passport, not knowing that war was at that time raging between the two countries. Accordingly when he arrived at the gates of the city and was asked for his papers, he was dumbfounded, for he was as devoid of them as he was of money. He was at once arrested as a spy, and taken off to be shut up in the citadel.

And he would in all probability have been detained there for a long space of time had it not been for a most providential occurrence. The Duke of Arembourg, who had been one of a group of plotters who dreamed of overthrowing the Spanish rule in the Netherlands and of once more uniting the two sister countries, happened also to be a prisoner in the fortress at the same time as our painter. And he, in consideration of his exalted rank, was permitted as a favour to take his daily walk in the neighbourhood of the fortress, accompanied by two Spanish soldiers who kept watch over him. Few of the prisoners obtained this privilege, the Spaniards being very anxious lest the secret plan of their citadel should come to be divulged, for they were extremely proud of it. Now it came about that one day, when the noble prisoner was making his round of the place as usual, he passed in front of the window of the cell where poor Brouwer was fuming and fretting. The artist, thinking beyond doubt from the splendour of his apparel that this must be the governor of the citadel who was passing, jumped up to his bars begging aloud to be set at liberty. "I am no spy," said he, "but a

harmless artist, and I can give you proof of the fact whenever you wish, if I can but have some brushes, colours and canvas." The Prince replied gently that he could not order the doors to be unlocked for him, since he was not the governor, but that he would certainly obtain for him the things which he needed to prove his innocence.

He was as good as his word, and the very same day despatched a soldier to the house of Rubens with a message requesting him to send forthwith some painting materials. The great artist gave them to the soldier, not guessing the truth in the least, and not dreaming that Adrian Brouwer, the eminent painter, was at so short a distance from The Duke of Arembourg commanded that some meat and wine should be conveyed to the prisoner, together with the painting materials, to better the meagre fare which was supplied to him. One can imagine how delighted was the latter when he saw the provisions and especially the wine. And while he was tasting it, several Spanish soldiers happened to come and stand just opposite his window, and began to play at dice and cards. Some of them greedily followed the throws with their eyes, as though they hoped to influence the chances by their eager looks, while others crowded round the greasy cards; one old soldier, with gleaming eyes and toothless jaws, looked on grinning. The picturesque costumes, the large felt hats, the rapiers hanging from the baldricks completed the picture. It was a good piece of luck for Adrian, and he made all speed to transfer the whole to canvas, with his usual skill and beauty of colouring. The old soldier was especially well reproduced. The Duke was much amused with the thing and sent at once for Rubens to know what he thought of it. "Just wait a moment," said the latter on his arrival, "and let me see what your artist has done. I greatly fear that my good colours have only served to make a daub."

On that the Duke showed him the painting, and Rubens burst out laughing, and then he suddenly became very serious and looked attentively at it. "As sure as my name is Peter Paul," cried he at length, "that is the work of Adrian Brouwer." "You must be joking," said the Duke; "I can't believe that you find this canvas so beautiful. To speak quite frankly, how much do you think it is worth?" "Without any hesitation I should put it at three hundred rix-dales." "Very well," replied the Duke, "you shan't have it for a thousand; it shall go to adorn my own collection as a memento of this strange

occurrence." And he did in fact keep the picture, which remained in his family for several generations.

Rubens thereupon went in search of the governor of the citadel, whom he requested to set Adrian at liberty; and he praised the painter so highly that at length the commandant consented to do as he asked. Adrian had to undergo a preliminary examination. He willingly acknowledged that he had committed a grave fault in attempting to enter the town without papers of any kind, but he promised to be wiser in future; and as the great Rubens stood bail for him, the doors of his prison were opened and he was set at liberty. Rubens wished to take him back to his own house, but Brouwer left him on the way thither, and disappeared into the back of a wineshop, where he joyously celebrated his delivery.

None the less Rubens offered him all hospitality, for he hoped to turn him from his drunken life and disgust him with coarse society. Brouwer, in fact, came to live with him in his splendid house, and Rubens supplied him with linen, bought good clothes for him, installed him in a sumptuous room, and also purchased a number of his pictures.

Teniers, who was at that time a frequent visitor

at the house of Rubens, naturally made friends with his guest, with whose work he found himself in entire sympathy. Brouwer would often take him with him to the taverns he frequented, there to study from nature the attitudes and gestures and quarrels of the drinkers.

But the regular life and noble manners which were the rule in the house of his protector did not appeal in the least to the tastes of the bohemian Brouwer. He grew weary of the life. The smoky little inn rooms and the sound of clinking glasses and drunken squabbles were more to his taste. He ended by putting his velvet suit in pawn to defray the expense of his amusements. Madame Rubens was not too well pleased, as may be imagined, at the presence of such a guest in her household, and she constantly complained of his bad manners to Rubens. Brouwer, seeing that his presence was no longer welcome in the house, made off into the fields. He said that the iron order observed in that house made its hospitality hateful to him, and that he would have preferred to remain in the fortress. He found a lodging with a baker of the name of Joost van Kraasbeek, who had a pretty little Antwerp girl for a wife. This Joost was a fellow after his own heart. Adrian amused himself with making love to his

pretty wife, and also set out to teach the baker the art of painting, and in a short time he made a fine artist of him.

A story is told of Brouwer how that on one occasion he landed in Amsterdam stripped of all his belongings and money, and with scarcely a rag to his back. He at once had recourse to his painting, by means of which he clothed and fed himself like a prince. In order to make a name for himself he sketched out on a piece of coarse canvas a coat and a mantle, side by side, and painted them all over with wonderful exotic flowers in patterns; and to bring them to the notice of the public and let them be well seen, he marched into the Amsterdam Theatre and went and sat in full view of the audience in one of the boxes. The amazing costume at once drew all eyes upon him, and especially those of the ladies and young girls, who stared at the remarkable stuff, the like of which they had never before set eyes on, and which interested them far more than the fine speeches of the chattering youths and fops around them. Meanwhile the richly-adorned painter turned and twisted himself about in full view of every one, for all the world like a fan-tail pigeon; and when he was quite sure that all the audience, including those

who patronised the tenpenny seats, could see him clearly, he sprang down on to the stage with a wet sponge in his hand and spoke as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—It seems that all eyes are turned upon my suit and mantle, and as I foresee that the young ladies will be hunting through every shop in the city to-morrow to try and get a piece of stuff like it, I will undeceive them by saying that I myself was the weaver of it; and yet you could not find a piece of it large enough to make a pin-cushion. For it is not what it seems to be, and when you know what it really is you will not be longing for it any more." Having spoken thus he took the sponge and with it wiped out all the lovely flowers in plots and parterres, leaving the bare canvas underneath.

It is said that Brouwer, although he painted slowly, spent his money, on the contrary, at a great rate; and this one can readily believe, since one sees so many examples of the same thing amongst his fellow-artists.

He lived at Antwerp just as recklessly as he had done in Amsterdam; and at length, fearing that he might fall into the hands of the law and be imprisoned for debt, he made off once more, this time going to Paris, in which city he plunged into all kinds of debauchery, coming out of it

after a time only half alive. In this condition, and with scarcely a penny in his pocket, he struggled back to Antwerp. But from the time of his arrival he was so weak that he was obliged to take to his bed in the mean lodging which he had found in an obscure inn; two days later he was dead. His body was thrown without ceremony into a ditch, and as he was supposed to have died of the plague, they piled lime and straw on top of his body. But one of the pupils of Rubens heard of the death of the poor fellow, and told his master of it, and also of the manner in which he had been buried. Rubens at once had his remains disinterred and buried again with proper ceremony and respect in the Carmelite church. He even intended to raise a tomb to him, for which he had himself made a design, but his own death, which occurred shortly afterwards, prevented his carrying out this generous intention

CHAPTER XVI

FRANZ HALS

Franz Hals, the great Dutch portrait-painter, came of Haarlem stock, but was born in Antwerp, where he first saw the light in the year 1584. We do not know with whom he first studied drawing and painting, but the whole world well knows that he is one of the greatest of portrait-painters. The strange adventure by which he first made the acquaintance of the great Anton Vandyck is not so familiar to every one, and it is worth while to relate it here.

At the time when Vandyck was thinking seriously of embarking for England, at the request of Charles I. and the Earl of Arundel, he made a journey into Holland, and while there he went to Haarlem to pay a visit to Hals, then at the height of his fame, and to see the painter's work of which he had heard so much. Thinking to find him at home, he went and knocked at his door; but Franz was not at home, for he was a great deal fonder of the din and smoke of wine-

shops and inns than of the calm of the studio, and to look for him in his own dwelling was like angling for fish in a cellar. In fact, he suffered from a too great devotion to drink-an hereditary complaint with many of the disciples of St. Luke. They despatched a servant at once to find him, and he was at length run to earth in an inn of the town, a well-known refuge for many painters from the importunate demands of creditors. When told that a gentleman wished to see him, he lounged back home again, very unwillingly, and angry at having to leave his wine. Vandyck awaited him patiently meanwhile, until at last he saw him come staggering up; whereupon he greeted him, pretending that he was a foreign amateur, and that he had been led by the fame of Hals to wish to be painted by him, but he said that he had only two hours to spare. "Very well," replied Hals, "I will plan out my work accordingly." And so, seizing the first canvas that came to hand, he hastily set his palette and got to work on the portrait, like a soldier assaulting a fortress. He showered blows on the canvas, and the features began to take shape as though by magic. All this time Vandyck kept as still as a mouse, not wishing it to be known who or what he was. Presently Hals begged him to get up and take a

look at his portrait. He praised the painting up to the skies and started to chat with Hals without restraint, taking however great care to avoid using any of the technical expressions of painting. But in order to let the secret out and to astonish Franz Hals, he said at length, laughing, "This art of painting seems such an easy matter that I should like very much to try what I could do at it myself." Having said this he took up a fresh canvas, set up an easel, and begged Hals to go and sit in his place. Franz could see clearly by the businesslike way in which he held his palette that he was no novice in the art, but he never for a moment dreamt that it could be Vandyck himself. The great Antwerp master showed himself no laggard, and indeed carried the portrait out fully as rapidly as Hals himself had done. Presently he bade him get up and come and see how he liked the painting. No sooner had Hals set eyes upon its masterly workmanship than he cried, "You must be Vandyck, for I am certain that no one else could have done such work." So saying he caught Vandyck in his arms and kissed him with drunken familiarity.

Vandyck ordered the portrait to be carried to his lodging, and made a present of some silver pieces to the drunken painter's children. Unfortunately they did not keep them long, for no sooner had Vandyck departed than Franz transferred them to his own pocket, and went off to his favourite wine-shop to drink to the health of the generous Vandyck.

It is even said that Vandyck had used much persuasion to get him to come to England with him, but Hals refused, having no inclination to travel and being already too much addicted to his bad way of living, so that luxury was as much a hindrance and a burden to him as it was, later on, to his pupil Adrian Brouwer.

It is also said that Vandyck spoke of Hals as "one of the finest portrait-painters he knew, and that no one was so masterly in his use of the brush as he." And this is quite true, for when Hals started painting a face, he could at once get a perfect likeness and truth of effect, and give all the lights and shades direct with the brush, without making use of a badger-hair softener or any other trick. He usually laid a portrait in lightly at first, and afterwards worked it up with masterly touches, saying, "Now I will do something worth talking about."

How vigorous, how natural, and how bold the great portrait-painter's brush could be, the town of Haarlem can show with a hundred matchless



Frans Hals

A JESTER WITH A LUTE (Amsterdam)

Manselt

portraits. Also there is to be seen in the Burghers' Assembly Hall at Delft a painting in which the captains of the Guard are portrayed life-size, and all of them so powerfully and naturally done that they truly seem about to speak to the spectator.

Franz was a jolly fellow who greatly preferred a bumper in his right hand to a cask on his left shoulder; yet in the high esteem which his pupils all had for him he was not unlike the drunken old painter Franz Floris. The oldest pupils used to take it in turns to go and pull him out of the inn and lead him home; and having got him to his room they pulled off his stockings and shoes and tucked him up properly in bed, and then each of them would steal away in the most reverent manner. But when Franz thought he was quite alone in the room, lying there in bed, his piety would gradually get the better of his intoxication, and, however tipsy he might be, he almost always ended up his stuttering prayers with this wish, "Dear Lord, receive me soon into Thy high heaven." Some of the pupils who heard him repeat this prayer day after day, or rather night after night, at last determined to try if their master were really in earnest or not; and Adrian Brouwer, in company with another apprentice,

named Dirk van Delen, undertook to carry out the joke. Accordingly they bored four holes in the ceiling of Franz's bed-chamber, immediately above the bedstead, and through these they let drop some strong ropes which they knotted fast to the four corners of the bed, and then they went to wait anxiously for their master's return. Franz returned towards midnight, drunk and merry, and his pupils helped him to bed in the usual way, took away the light and slipped silently up to the attic overhead, there to wait their turn. Accordingly, so soon as Hals had come to his aforementioned prayer, "O Lord, receive me soon into Thy high heaven," scarcely were the words out of his mouth than they began to haul him up into the air; whereupon Hals, who was still three parts drunk and quite mystified, imagined that his prayer had really been heard, and at once began a louder prayer than the former, crying out, "Not so soon as this, Lord, not so soon as this!" and so on. Whereupon they lowered him gently down again, without his seeing that it was only a joke and not a reality, and in a moment he was fast asleep and snoring with all his might. The pupils then unknotted the cords skilfully, and Franz never discovered the trick they had played him till many years after, though from that time

on he altered his form of prayer. So little does it take to make a painter forget heaven.

The great Franz died in his eightieth year, and was buried in the choir of the Groote Kerk at Haarlem on the 29th of August in the year 1666; his brother Dirk, who was also a painter, had preceded him, dying in the year 1656. On the rolls of the Guild of St. Luke at Haarlem may be seen the names of several of Franz's sons, who all followed the profession of painting and were nearly all famous in their day as painters of droll subjects.

CHAPTER XVII

JAN STEEN

JAN STEEN, the great Dutch painter of genre, was born at Leyden in the year 1636, and became a famous man throughout all the Low Countries, not only for his wonderful painting, but also because of the strange and riotous life he led. His father's name was Havik Jansze Steen, and he was a brewer by trade, carrying on business at Leyden. Jan must have shown very clearly in youth the genius he possessed, for old Havik would never have realised it himself. But he took him first of all to Knuffar of Utrecht, where he formed an acquaintance with the droll painter Adrian van Ostade of Haarlem, and from there he went to work with the landscape painter Jan van Goyen of Gravenshage, ostensibly to learn a little about the art of landscape, but in reality to be near to the painter's daughter Grietje, whom he had already known at Leyden, and he managed in such a way that he took up his abode forthwith in the house, where he behaved in a very free and easy manner.

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For as soon as he was established in Van Goyen's household, he began to take advantage of his easy-going ways, for the old man was in the habit of going every evening, after he had finished his painting, to the inn to drink a glass of beer and gossip a little. The lad was of a hot-blooded temperament, and in his master's absence he used to make love very freely to Grietje. The result was that Grietje found herself about to give birth to a child; and accordingly she begged Jan to go and make a clean breast of the matter to old Van Goyen without any further delay, and also to tell his own parents, so that they could get married before the child was born and she was put to shame before the whole town of Gravenshage. Jan Steen at first turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties, and he delayed the matter as long as it was possible to delay it. But at length he made a manly resolve to do as she bade him; so that evening he went and took the old man by the corner of his coat as he was making off to the inn, and said laughingly to him, "Would you like to hear a piece of news, master?" "And what may that be, brother Jan?" replied Van Goyen, who was as keen after gossip as a midwife. Whereupon his pupil went on, "Grietje is shortly about to be confined." "The devil she is, I know that,"

replied the old man, "but did you know it, too?" "Well, yes," continued Jan Steen, in the same tone of voice, "how should I not know it considering that I am myself the cause of it, and fully intend to make her my wife." This last phrase pleaded well for him with the father, who knew that what was done could not be undone, and was overjoyed that his daughter's honour was saved. So he besought and ordered Jan to go himself to his parents and tell them about it, in order that the proposed wedding might take place as soon as possible, and to this the young man joyfully consented. Whereupon the future father and son-in-law went off to the inn to drink

Jan, as he had promised, set out at dawn next day for Leyden, and on his arrival he went and frankly told old Havik, his father, that he was intending to get married. On hearing this the old brewer gave a shout of rage and surprise; but after the worst violence of his anger had passed off a little he asked Jan in a more friendly way if he knew what taking a wife really meant, and also by what profession he intended to keep her. Jan, who knew by experience that the worst was now over, answered that he did not know, but that he was sure it was not too early

a pint of beer to the success of the venture.

to get married. And he pleaded his cause so earnestly that old Havik Jansze began to listen to him, and at length said, "I will remember it, and will think it over for a time." At this Jan, who knew very well that his dear Margaret could not suffer any delay, let the cat out of the bag, saying, "I have already taken the trouble to think it over on my own account, Father Havik, for I have done more than cast my eyes on Grietje van Goyen, my master's daughter. She is a lovely girl, and so fruitful that she is already four months gone in her pregnancy, so that what we earnestly desire is to get married at once." The father, seeing that this was a serious matter and that his son spoke the truth, said, "And what will your master give as dowry with his daughter?" Jan replied that Van Goyen possessed the stock-in-trade of a painter, a quiet heart and a dozen paint-brushes, besides the accessories of his work-room.

To cut a long story short, old Havik Jansze gave his son ten thousand gulden on his marriage and set him up in a brewery at Delft; and Van Goyen gave away his Grietje with a dowry of good words and fine promises, and so the young pair were wed.

But no sooner was Jan master of a brewery and

entrusted with the handling of money, than he got into the habit of going to the wine-shop and drinking; and in his absence Grietje, who was a gentle and sweet creature, but with no idea whatever of managing a household, let their affairs go from bad to worse. And so they kept no account books whatever, but all the beer that was bought was taken on credit, and the amount simply chalked up on a slate or on a door; and in this manner it was not long before they went bankrupt, and their creditors, demanding to see their books, were shown the slate, which no one, not even Margaret herself, could make out, and as she often neglected to write anything down. the usual result was that the amount was forgotten. The creditors demanded a heavy fine, and so Jan was compelled to have recourse once more to his father. And after they had both received a good scolding for their carelessness, the old man set them up in the world once more, and Jan Steen started his brewing again.

But pleasant times do not last for ever, and Jan before long began to fall back again into his old ways, and spent his money on wine instead of on malt and grain, so that the brewery was deserted and all stood as still as a Nuremberg doll when the works have run down. Where-

Fan I'ermeer of Delft

- Bruckmann

VIEW OF DELFT (Imperial Gallery, The Hague)

fore his beloved Grietje one day took the lazy brewer to task, saying, "My dear Jan, there are neither beer nor casks in the brewery, nor so much grain as would make a Deventer pasty, and how are things to go on like this? It is your duty to keep the brewery alive and working." The brewer thus addressed stood a while in thought, and then confided to the melancholy Grietje that he had hit upon a plan for keeping the brewery going in a lively fashion, and that he intended that very day to give it a trial. Thereupon he set out for the market, first of all telling the serving-man to put the largest pot ready, full of water, against his return. Arrived in the market, he bought a number of live ducks, and returning home with them, he poured the remainder of the malt into the pot, and put the ducks to swim in it. Terrified at this unusual treatment, they started flying madly to and fro through the brewery, and making such a clatter and din that his wife came up to see what was going on. Whereupon Jan pointed to the ducks, saying, "Now, my dear, what do you think of that? Is there no life in the brewery now?" at which words Grietje burst out laughing, and Jan followed her example.

Now that things were in this state, Jan began

to turn once more to his painting. The first picture that he painted was a representation of his own household, a finely composed and beautifully painted canvas. The room was about as orderly as a Spanish guard-room; the dog was sniffing in the pot, the cat was running away with a piece of lard, the children were tumbling over one another on the floor like so many cubs, Mother Grietje was sitting in an easy-chair comfortably watching the game; and Jan Steen had also put himself into the picture with a large wine-glass in his hand, while the ape was busily engaged in winding the clock, and the pots and pans were littered all over the floor.

About this time old Havik Jansze, his father, died, and his son inherited his house at Leyden, whereupon he broke up his household at Delft and went to settle there to begin a fresh life. He rented an inn, or rather a pot-house, laid in a store of wine and beer, stuck out a garland over the door, and painted a sign-board representing Peace, holding a garland in her hand. He got plenty of custom, but the payment was not so prompt as it might be; for the most part, it was the penniless artists who came to him. Franz van Mieris, Ary de Vois, Quiring, Broedelekamp and Jan Lievensz were his daily customers, and they came

as much by night as by day, for he never shut his door, like a peaceful citizen, since he had but little to lose by leaving it open. And when the vats and flasks were all emptied, and his son Cornelius had warned him that there was not a drop of drink left in his cellars, he would pull in his garland and his sign and set to work at his painting. But the moment that he had finished a couple of little pictures, he would despatch Cornelius to the wine ... merchant and the brewer to get in a fresh quantity of wine and beer; and thereupon out went the garland once more, while the painting materials were put away on the shelf, where they remained so long as there was a drop of liquor of any kind in the house. Jan Steen's kitchen and cellar were evidently not so well provided as those of the inns of Amsterdam, or the famous Golden Lion at Gravenshage, as we shall see from the following story.

Steen's boon companion, Jan Lievensz, came up one night about twelve o'clock to the inn, and, seeing the door ajar as usual, he marched in without ceremony. "Who's there?" shouted Jan Steen, wakened out of his slumbers by the noise. And Lievensz, who was more or less drunk already, answered in a thick voice, "I am one, dear brother, who has just come to partake of a couple of

delicious fowls with you." "Are they roast or boiled?" demanded the worthy inn-keeper. And Lievensz replied, "Neither, O king of the world; they are raw. But I have been at several courts in my time, and understand well the art of cookery, so I beg of you to come down and I will give you proof of my skill."

The simple-minded Jan Steen, who was of a very yielding disposition, got up at that, lit the lamp, roused his eldest son Cornelius, who usually did servant's work, and bade him lay the fire and light it as soon as possible. Kees obeyed his father's orders. But several elements of worldly bliss were still lacking, and besides lesser luxuries, there was neither wine nor tobacco in the house. Accordingly Jan Steen, ignoring the boy's objections, ordered him to run off as quickly as possible to Goskens, the wine merchant, and beg him just this once to favour him with a couple of pots of wine, promising to repay him well with paintings; and, having obtained these, to hurry on to Geertje van der Laan, and ask her politely for a hap'orth of tobacco and a couple of short pipes.

While Cornelius was absent on this important errand, Jan Lievensz was not slow in opening his provisions, which he sprinkled with pepper and salt, and put them on the broken gridiron, which



'eter de Hoogh

Manseli

INTERIOR OF A DUTCH HOUSE
(National Gallery, London)

he had succeeded in digging out of the cinders, where Steen tried to preserve it from rust, having first of all propped it up with a lump of turf; while Steen on his part compounded a sauce of butter, pepper, mustard, and vinegar. And then, as soon as the birds were burnt on the outside and still only half-cooked within, the two comrades sat down to eat, and went at it so heartily, that when Cornelius came back successfully from his errand, armed with the wine and tobacco, he found nothing on the plate but half a head and a couple of charred claws. The two pots of wine and the tobacco were rapidly consumed by the merrymakers, while they gossiped about things in general. And towards dawn they went for a stroll outside the Koeport to aid their digestion by this healthy exercise.

But, as might have been supposed, this habit of leaving the inn door ajar night and day was a source of trouble for Jan; for one fine night all his children's clothes, and his own as well, were stolen, and, what was worse, all the half-finished pictures which he had in the house. Jan, who was accustomed to being wakened in the morning by the noise and chatter of his children, hearing none of the usual sounds, although it was already quite light, shouted out at the top of his

voice, "Now then, children, up you get and light the fire." But the little wretches answered, like our first father Adam, and refused because they were naked, saying that they could not find their clothes anywhere. At this our painter leaped out of bed and started searching for his own breeches, but in vain, for everything was gone; and he was compelled to despatch one of his naked youngsters to the house of a neighbour, Gompert, who had a cook-shop close by, and the latter helped him as well as he could until Steen was able to let his cousin Rysberg know of the unfortunate occurrence. This latter sent Jan and his family to a cloth merchant's, from whence they came out arrayed like those new-born birds which Pliny the naturalist calls Phoenixes.

But the best of it all was that Jan imagined that the theft had been committed by a certain doctor who came a good deal to his house, and whose brother had once been accused of lending a helping hand in the plundering of a ship. It seemed to him a most disgraceful thing that this physician, who was as wealthy as he could be, should steal from a poor artist; so no sooner had the man of physic set his foot once more in the stripped household than Jan ran at him with a drawn knife, crying, "Now, you son of a thief!

you pirate! you buccaneer! I suppose you have come to see if there is anything to steal! I suppose you have come to take the egg-shells after having eaten the egg! Truly was it written, where the prey is, there will the vultures be gathered together! But I will see to it, God help me!" The poor doctor, more dead than alive with fright, took to his heels and ran, for fear that he would have to doctor himself. And Jan Steen lived and died in the firm conviction that it was the doctor, and no one else in the world, who had robbed him.

Shortly after this Juffrouw Steen died, and the household began to go from bad to worse, and Jan spent all his time arguing with his creditors and putting them off with promises. Now it happened once about this time that he was sitting smoking his pipe in the summer-house, which was not much bigger than a parrot's cage, in company with a gentleman who occasionally lent him money—two dozen shillings at a time—on security of one or other of his unfinished pictures. This gentleman had watched with regret the decay of Jan Steen's family; and he strongly advised him to marry again, saying that "it behoved him to find a nice quiet wife, who would look after his children for him; and that a married man

was a better citizen than a bachelor." The story goes that Jan Steen paid no attention, and that he had no inclination to listen to advice, for his wine and his tobacco were very dear to him and took up all his time. But at that moment a modest-looking woman came up to the summerhouse, and interrupted the gentleman's wellintended advice: "Good-day, gossip Jan," said she, "I just came to see if it was convenient to you to pay me for that sheep's head and the trotters and pluck; it would be very welcome to me if you could. Times are hard, and I have no money." The painter, who had a wonderful knack of getting rid of his creditors with talk and promises, answered at once, with a laugh, "Well, gossip Marietje, is that you? You are most welcome, dear neighbour; you have come just at the right moment for a chat, for, as the proverb says, 'the more the merrier.'" Thus invited Marietje came in and sat down, and Kees was despatched at once for a can of wine to entertain the modest visitor. When the wine had arrived, Jan at once poured it out—a thing he was never weary of doing-and drank so heartily that the wine went to his head, and he started toying with neighbour Marietje, and at last gave her a kiss, which was rather too great a familiarity, while she kept harping on the subject of her money. Jan promised with the most emphatic oaths to pay her, and thereupon she got up and left them.

The moment she was gone the gentleman began his lecture once more, saying that that widow was as charming and pretty as could be, and that he was convinced she would make a good wife and a good mother to his children, and that with her he would enjoy a leisurely and quiet life. "Well, I think so too," said Jan, who by this time was far gone in drink, "and she earns a good deal at her trade, while I make a bit by my painting, and as we are both nice, economical people we should make a good pair." The gentleman laughed at the funny reasoning of Jan, and after he had advised him to talk it over with his sister, who was in a nunnery, he wished him good luck and went.

Jan Steen thereupon hurried off to the nun and told her all about it; and she seemed very pleased at the news, and she tidied up her brother and provided him with the wherewithal to pay Marietje Herkulens, and he went off to ask her hand in marriage. Being a better painter than a wooer, he at first was at a loss what to say; but at length he told her, without any beating around, that he had come to seek her hand in marriage,

and that he loved her, and that she would be very happy with him, and so on. The little woman listened to this declaration quite unmoved, and answered coolly that he was joking, and that she was an honest woman, and there was little to hope for from such a marriage. "The cloth is too coarse for the lining," said she; "and falcons do not mate with cuckoos." The worthy Jan replied playfully, "My dear Marietje, I am no more jesting with you than with your market-basket; but I am without a companion, and so I sought you for my wife." But although he pleaded his cause hard, she was as hard as a stone, so that with all his fine language he had to take himself off.

Thereupon he went off to his sister the nun, and told her that he had brought back the collar and mantle she had lent him, because it seemed to him there was nothing to be done with Marietje. But the crafty sister, who better understood the moods of women than her brother Jan, although she knew but little of the ways of Marietje, scolded him thoroughly, saying that he should go more gently about it, and take a present of pastry or something of the kind to Marietje. Accordingly Jan set out once more, stopping on his way at the pastry-cook's to buy some cakes, with which

he went on to neighbour Marietje's, whom he found standing by her counter with a foot-warmer under her checker apron, warming her matronly His second wooing, aided by the presents he had brought, was more successful than the first, and the result of it all was that they arranged the marriage, and the sister gave them her blessing, and the very next day the pair were married. But things went on in exactly the same way as before, for Jan showed himself as lacking in prudence as he had been in his former marriage. Marietje's daily earnings were spent in advance before she had even left the tripe-market. From time to time Jan would fill a huge kettle with sheep's heads and lambs' trotters, and when they were cooked he would throw the best parts to his children, who gobbled them up like hungry wolves; while their father watched them with a merry eye, saying when all was picked clean, "Good Lord, with how little is Nature satisfied!"

Heere Karel van Moor, one of the finest painters of our time, came once into the house of Jan Steen, and found Mejuffrouw Steen sitting there in a melancholy state of mind. Having asked her the reason of it, she replied that Jan Steen frequently put her into his paintings, but always in an immoral character, either as a drunken

woman, or as a go-between, and even on some occasions as a prostitute, and that this annoyed her greatly; she added that what she really desired was to be painted as a decent, honest woman in her red jacket, with her silk veil on, and her gold earrings in her ears, and with her gold pin in her hair, and so forth. Van Moor accordingly consented to do this, and painted her portrait in this manner. Marietje was not a little pleased with the portrait, and showed it to Jan Steen, who praised it highly as a likeness, but said at the same time that there was one thing lacking. "And what may that be?" demanded his wife. Whereupon Jan answered, "Nothing but a basket on your left arm, my dear, with a baker's tally in it, to show that this richly-clothed person buys her bread on credit."

In the winter Jan used to play cards with his children, and whenever the game began to go against him he would fling all the cards down in disorder, so that the poor children had to appeal to him for the decision, which he always made in his own favour.

We have already said that the famous Franz van Mieris was a great customer of Jan Steen, and they would often sit up together all night over a glass of wine. Now it happened towards dawn on one of these occasions that Van Mieris challenged Jan to a duel in painting, with the idea of deciding which of them would first complete a picture of a given size. Mieris had made this challenge, because a few days previously Jan Steen, in the course of conversation, had said to him, "What is this you say about rapid painting? By heaven! I will undertake in a day or two to make such a slow-coach of you that no one will know what has become of Franz Mieris."

So scarcely had his companion gone than Jan Steen seized a canvas, upon which he represented three musicians leaning out of a window, singing at the tops of their voices, and outside a village kermesse. The painting was so skilfully composed and painted that the connoisseurs all thought it miraculous that a picture of such merit could have been finished in so short a time, for it was completed before noon of the same day. Mieris acknowledged his defeat, paid the forfeit, and the two rivals remained as great friends as before.

If Jan Steen was loose in his conduct, he was not so in any of those matters which concerned his art, for he understood both the theory and the practice of it most thoroughly. Heere Karel van Moor has frequently said that he never enjoyed a greater pleasure than to listen to Jan's talk

about painting, for his remarks showed always the most profound and varied knowledge.

That he also sometimes had the most unusual and exalted ideas to express in his historical pictures is shown, in addition to many other paintings, by one in the possession of Heere Jakob le Beuf at Leyden, which picture represents the apparition of Christ and the amazement of the disciples going to Emmaus. Truly one may say that he painted this picture with the whole outpouring of his mind, even as the great historian Tacitus penned his political writings.

No painter ever rendered more naturally than Jan Steen the character and the impress of physiognomies, so much so that the onlooker is filled at the same time with admiration for such wonderful art, and with pleasure at seeing how true and natural these comical figures are. Karel van Moor says that Jan Steen rarely made errors in drawing, which is a truly remarkable thing in one who worked so fast, and who was so frequently interrupted in his labours by the visits of his joyous comrades, such as Mieris, Quiring, Lievensz, and so many others.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TERBORCH FAMILY

GERARD TERBORCH was assuredly one of the greatest painters of his time, and his pictures are still ardently sought for by all lovers of art. was born at Zwolle in Overyssel, and he came of an ancient and honourable family. His parents gave him a good upbringing, and encouraged him towards the art of painting; for his father was himself a painter, and there were few of the family who did not know the use of the brush. It was, indeed, from his father that he gained his earliest instruction in the art. This father had sojourned many years in Rome in his youth, and indeed travelled over most of Europe; but it was in Rome that he had stayed longest, where he had made friends with many of the Dutch artists who lived there. He wished also to visit Spain, and would have set out from Naples, in 1611, in the company of his friend Don Juan de Casteria, but that, feasting at the last moment with a number of his fellow-countrymen, he arrived too late for the vessel upon which he should have embarked. He also lost at the same time a pair of pictures which he had painted and entrusted to the care of the steward of the Viceroy of Naples, and these he never expected to see again; but they "belonged to him always," as he would say laughingly, "since they have never been paid for."

Among these Dutch and Flemish painters Terborch the elder led a wild and merry life, and at the conclusion of their drinking bouts the scuffles and quarrels which took place would often bring the night-watch on the scene. In the archives, mention is made of one Gerardo Tarburgo, who, on the 9th of March 1608, at the inn of La Trine was wounded in the head in the course of a drinking bout, with three blows of a fork, with which weapon he had attacked one of his companions. Terborch finally returned to Zwolle, his native place, where he married a young girl of Antwerp and settled down to take his father's place in the town as Licent-Meester or collector of taxes. He had some fame in his day as a painter, and he also was a skilful etcher and engraver, and well known as a man of letters.

Gerard Terborch the younger was the eldest son of the family, which numbered twelve in all. His sister Gesina, a very charming and attractive girl, was also a painter, and a musician and student of literature as well. She loved to set to music the romances of that time, putting them to the old French airs. But it was painting that she loved best, and though she was never more than a dilettante of the art, still she handled the brush and pencil skilfully, and there are several little sketches by her illustrating the daily life of the Terborch family. But she always had a difficulty in composing her little groups, and when she did not know how to carry out a design she used to call in the aid of her brothers, and specially that of Gerard, who used to make little drawings and outlines for her, for whatever subject she wanted. Whenever he happened to be absent from home he would send her little colour sketches, and these she would carefully copy, and would use them to illustrate her chansons.

For indeed it was a gay life they led in those days in the little corner of Holland where they dwelt, and the house of the Terborch family was a gathering-place for all the country society and the most brilliant wits from town. Each season of the year, each day indeed, had its own amusements. They would go visiting, or would make up driving-parties in sledges, or in summer go for rides or picnics in the country in the

neighbourhood of Zwolle, and they would eat their meal at a country farm or spread upon the grass under the trees. In these youthful gatherings, so merry and unrestrained, intimacy was the order of the day; and they courted, and kissed, and made love in these little fêtes galantes among the orchards and woods. It is indeed from the album of Gesina herself, in which she had stored so many of the records of her life and family, that we get this intimate glimpse into the provincial life of the times. Dying, the last but one of all the family, in 1690, she bequeathed this album, evidently a precious treasure, to her sister Catherine, bidding her keep it carefully; and indeed it was jealously guarded in the family during two generations. In it we see the modes of gallantry of that day, where it was quite etiquette for a cavalier to hold the foot of his glass between his teeth and so present it to his fair neighbour, or to place his hat beneath her shoe when the lace needed tying. So frequently indeed is this episode reproduced that one is led to think that the maidens left their shoes untied on purpose.

One by one all Gesina's friends married until she alone remained a spinster. She had indeed many suitors, but, of a deeper and more serious nature than the rest, she put away such frivolous thoughts. Once only, in her thirtieth year, she had a love romance, terminating unhappily, for her lover became suddenly insane, and this was a great grief to her; and when, a year or so later, her favourite brother Moses was killed in the war with England, all her good spirits and happy nature seemed to desert her. Gradually her friends and relations died around her, until, as we have said, she was left almost the last of her family.

Gerard Terborch the younger was a pupil of Pieter Molyn. His master had been born in England, and being a great lover of that country, and of London in particular, he persuaded Gerard to make a journey thither in 1635. A letter exists from Terborch the elder to his son in London, which gives a glimpse into the methods of work of the painters. "My dear son," he says, "I send you the lay-figure, but without the block on which it stands; it would be too large and heavy to go in the trunk. You can have another made quite cheaply. Make good use of the figure, and do not let it have too long rests, as you used to do when you were at home. Make designs of large compositions with plenty of movement, like those which you took with

you and which Molyn your master admired so much, and if you desire to paint, choose also, as much as possible, modern subjects, since these kinds of subjects can be treated in a more expeditious manner. Keep also your colour beautiful and fresh, so that it will harmonise well when dry. Be honest, modest, at the service of all, and your affairs will go well and smoothly. I am also sending your coat, some garters, some shoes and laces, a ribbon for your hat, six neckties, six handkerchiefs and two caps. Keep note of your linen, so as not to lose anything. I am also sending you a brush-case filled with long brushes, quite new, two copy-books of paper, some charcoal, an assortment of all the fine colours, and six pens similar to those employed by Maltham. you require aught else, write to me. I herewith send you, with my compliments, those of your mother, the children, your cousin Berent, and of Jan Terborch, and Engbert, in which all our good friends and Uncle Robert join us. From Zwolle, the 3rd of July 1635. Your affectionate Father "

After leaving London, Gerard, like his father before him, travelled in Italy and sojourned for some time in Rome. But he can have been but little impressed by the things he saw there, for his early manner changed not a whit; but he studied closely the works of the chief masters of the countries through which he passed, and he travelled back through France and Spain to his native country, where he settled for a time in Amsterdam. There he made some name as a portrait-painter, and finally went to live at Münster, where for a period of three years he dwelt in the Neubrückenstrasse. It was no difficult matter for a painter to make a living with portraits there in those days, since the town was so important a gathering-place for persons of distinction, ambassadors, diplomats, dignitaries of the Church, and lawyers, all gathered there from various countries of Europe on account of the approaching Peace Congress; and it was here that he painted his most important work, the picture of the "Peace of Münster." Here also he became acquainted with the Court painter of the Count of Pigoranda, who, recognising his great powers as a painter, sought his friendship; and of this Terborch had good reason to repent, as will be seen.

This Court painter was busily occupied on a great picture of the Crucifixion for the Count his master, but it had proved too great an undertaking for him, his powers not being equal to it; and for this reason it was that he sought out Gerard, and

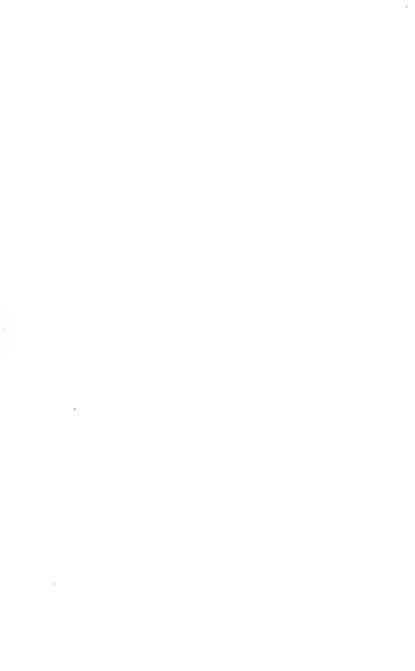
begged for his help in carrying out the work, to which the latter readily consented, and aided him largely in the painting of it. No sooner had the Count seen the finished work than he realised that it was most wonderful; and although his own painter had taken all the credit for it, and had received praise from all sides, he saw at once that it showed far finer handling and manner than anything of which the latter was capable. He said as much to him, and the painter confessed that, although he had adopted the work as his own, in reality Terborch was the chief author of it. And when the Count knew of this he sent forthwith for Gerard and bade him paint his portrait, and in this way he came into prominent notice and gained much fame in the town of Münster, where he was living.

An amusing thing happened while he was painting this portrait of the Count, which should not be omitted.

It is a curious fact that so many famous painters have had some trick or habit, which they persisted in whilst at work, and of which nothing could cure them. Gilliam Bauer, a still-life painter, used to talk all the while at the top of his voice to the dumb objects which he was engaged in painting; and the famous Bamboots,



THE AVENUE, MIDDELHARNIS, HOLLAND (National Gallery, London)



who lived so much in Italy, and whom the Italians called Bamboccio, used constantly to twirl up his moustaches while at work. Our Gerard Terborch had a habit of whistling some tune or other whenever he was very much intent on what he was doing. And so, when the Count came to give him the first sitting, he began, according to his wont, to hum and whistle loudly and excitedly a favourite air of his. But the Count, in his proud Spanish way, took it as a mark of the greatest disrespect to so distinguished a person as himself, and he got up from his seat and was about to leave the room in anger. But Terborch, guessing at once what was amiss, told him that it was an incurable habit of his to whistle thus while at work, that he was himself entirely unconscious that he was doing it, and that he only did it when his work was going satisfactorily. Thereupon the Count went back to his seat, saying, with a laugh, "Whistle as much as you please, then."

This portrait, which he painted with the utmost care and which was highly successful, not only brought him further commissions from the Count himself, but also from the ambassadors and other persons of exalted rank who had come to the town for the Peace Congress, and who now all wished

to have their portraits painted by him. Indeed, the Count of Pigoranda was so greatly delighted with his work, that he asked him to accompany him on his return to Spain, to which Gerard consented, and in this way came to be presented to the king of that country, and painted his portrait and those of many persons of the Court. Amongst these were a number of portraits of great ladies and other women, which, in fact, was a source of misfortune to him and the cause of his early departure from Madrid; for, being possessed of a comely person and being of a very gallant disposition, he paid great court to these beautiful Spanish ladies, and his freedom with his sitters provoked the jealousy of the Spaniards, and the result was that he was compelled to pack off as hurriedly as might be, and to make for London, whither his fame as a portraitist had already preceded him.

Once arrived there he was overwhelmed with orders, and even the enormous prices which he asked for his work did not diminish the number of those who came to be painted by him. From London he passed into France, where, in spite of his numerous rivals (for Paris boasted at that time a number of excellent painters), he painted for the art patrons a number of important works. But

although he was making large sums by his work in that city, and there were many inducements to him to remain there, he soon left the country to return to his native land, where he established himself at Deventer, and there married, becoming in time burgomaster of the town.

On one occasion William of Orange, afterwards King of England, was passing through the town, and the magistrates begged that he would leave them his portrait as a sign of good-will and a memory of his visit to Deventer. "My portraits are painted by Netscher," said the Prince; "I will give you a copy of one of them." The magistrates thanked him, but said that the master of Netscher was living in their own town, and indeed that he was a member of their council, and that he begged to enjoy the favour of painting the Prince himself. To this William consented, saying, however, that in such troublous times as those he could not spare the time for a proper sitting, and that Gerard must paint him as best he could while he was dining, and afterwards finish the portrait in his studio. This portrait was afterwards entrusted to the keeping of one of the burgomasters, who varnished it over to protect it better, with the result that the flesh colour became yellow, and the portrait was spoilt.

After this the Prince desired him to paint his portrait once again; but Terborch made a condition that on this occasion his Highness must sit at least eight hours for it. But the sitting did not turn out so well as the painter had wished, for the Prince being of an active disposition, and unaccustomed to sitting still for long, made a bad model, and Terborch told him as much. For William, beginning to get irritated after a time at the long sitting, began talking first of one thing, then of another; and, knowing the story of how Terborch had played Don Juan amongst the ladies of the Spanish Court, he asked him how many mistresses he had had in Madrid. your Highness tell me," replied Gerard, "how many mares you have ridden in your life?" The Prince replied that he had kept no count of them. "And neither have I of my mistresses," replied the painter.

At this the Prince turned to other topics, and amongst other things he asked him if he had also painted the Spanish king. "Yes," replied Terborch; "and he also sat like a fool." "How," said William, "can you venture to compare a great king to a fool?" "Well," answered the painter, "is it not folly for one who desires to be painted well not to keep still while it is being

done?" The Prince took the hint, and saw that Terborch was a sharp-witted fellow, and from that moment until the promised time was completed he sat very still indeed.

Terborch begged him to sit once again for the portrait, but he replied that he must depart for the Hague. And Gerard, being afraid that in the last working something of the likeness might be lost (as indeed often happens when a portrait has been much painted over), made an exact copy from the first, and took it with him to the Hague. The Prince then sat for him one more time, and was so pleased with the result that he set his seal upon it, and told Gerard to keep it for himself. And thus, without having intended it, he came to possess a painting of the Prince, which he afterwards sold to a gentleman of Amsterdam for a considerable sum.

Assuredly Gerard Terborch was a fine and delicate portraitist, though he never had recourse to small brushes for smoothing down his work, as is the habit with so many painters of our time, who produce so many thousands of paintings without a spark of life in them. He is not only remarkable for the strong likeness of all his portraits, but he was also able to reproduce the deepest passions. Besides this he arranged his draperies

broadly and beautifully, and painted all manner of stuffs with their own textures. And more especially is he remarkable for his rendering of satin, which is so exquisitely done that it seems truly to be woven on the canvas rather than painted; and he almost always introduces it into his portraits and historical paintings.

But above all his other works the great painting of the "Peace Congress of Münster" stands supreme, in which he painted from life all the plenipotentiaries, ambassadors, and other nobles and courtly persons, who came from far and near to the Congress. And for this painting he received 6000 guldens.

Terborch died in his seventy-third year, in 1681, and was buried with great state in his native town of Zwolle.

CHAPTER XIX

LUDOLF BAKHUIZEN, VAN DE VELDE, PAUL POTTER, AND WOUVERMANS

THE sea, the source of all the wealth of their native land, did not fail to impress deeply the painters of Holland. One of the greatest of these painters of marine, Ludolf Bakhuizen, came of a well-todo family at Emden. His father was a secretary, and Ludolf himself was a clerk until his eighteenth year, when he left Emden and went to live in the capital, Amsterdam, there to learn trade. But the sight of ships and the sea at once fired his imagination, and soon drew him to abandon his writing and trading, and devote himself heart and soul to the pursuit of painting. His earliest efforts were sketches with the pen-an instrument with which he was most familiar in other ways—little pictures of the shipping in the harbour, and these from the very first found admirers and purchasers. Nature herself was his only model, and passion for art the only master that directed him.

That was in the golden age of painting, when

the golden apples dropped readily into the hands of the lucky artists, without any trouble, and they lived like the dwellers in Cockayne; apples now no longer to be found in the thorny paths that painters have to follow. Bakhuizen would easily obtain for his little pen-drawings of ships, ten, twenty, thirty, and at last even as much as a hundred gulden and more apiece.

He would frequent at that time the studios of the best painters, and more especially that of Allart van Everdingen, studying the way they mixed their colours and sketched in and finished their pictures; and in a short space of time he was able, like a second Olivier van Oort, to make a tour of the world, by means of his painted ships.

He was a courteous, industrious, and tranquil man, blessed with a simple and ready tongue, and he gave himself neither to wine nor beer, but on the contrary passed his life working only for the good of the Republic and that of his own household. His sole amusement and distraction was to take the air on the banks of the Amstel or the Y; and if it happened sometimes that the wind beat up the waves, and the sea became so rough that even the hardiest of pilots sought refuge from the oncoming storm, the great painter would get into a boat and order himself to be rowed to the



3. Van Ruysdael

THE JEWS' BURIAL GROUND (Imperial Gallery, Dresden)

sea-mouth, where he could study the variations of the clouds and the waters, the movement of the storm-tossed waves and of the breakers rushing on to the rocks, and such other things as marine painters must make a study of. And most of all he profited by these chances of weather when he had in hand some project for a picture, so that he could refresh his old ideas and make use with art and judgment of his new observations.

It was his habit on his return from these excursions to shut himself up in his room and to refuse admittance to any one until he had fixed his ideas upon canvas. In a word, he was a painter who knew well how to imitate Nature with great truth, and the result was that his work was greedily sought for by kings and princes and was to be found in almost every notable collection. The nobles and well-born folk and the burgomasters of the great communal capital of Amsterdam commissioned him to paint a picture, which they presented as a mark of homage to King Louis XIV. The King of Prussia, the Elector of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and a great number of lords and foreign persons of distinction came to the Low Countries, not only to acquire his paintings, but also to see this wonderful man in his own home and to do him

honour by their visit. And he frequently received orders for drawings of ships from the famous Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, who would visit him in the most familiar way, and even make drawings himself, under Bakhuizen's direction, of ships and men-of-war, in order to perfect himself in the knowledge of shipbuilding.

If one considers all the works of Bakhuizen, one may well marvel at them, and wonder how he could have found time to paint them all in one lifetime; and this all the more when we remember that he not only found time for his painting, but also continued daily to teach the art of writing to the sons of the principal merchants and gentlefolk of Amsterdam, according to a method which he had himself invented; without taking into account the innumerable drawings and delicately etched plates which he carried out. He certainly did not let the time slip through his fingers, like some lazy painters, whose lives are spent in earning and squandering, and who after three days of work loiter away a week, and make a daily round of the inns and coffee-houses.

And one thing he did, which is very seldom heard of and indeed almost without a parallel, which we must relate. It was the custom with a number of people in Amsterdam at a funeral to proffer a glass of wine to the parents and friends and neighbours of the deceased person. Bakhuizen, just before his death, himself purchased the wine from the wine-merchants for his own funeral, tested and sealed it, and had it put in a reserved corner of his cellar. Also they found after his death a bag filled with gold florins to the number of the years of his life, and with them a paper expressing the wish that the money should be used to feast certain painters who had been his friends and who were to bear his pall.

Bakhuizen suffered acutely in his old age from stone and gravel, to which malady he finally succumbed at the age of seventy-one in the year 1709.

But great as Bakhuizen was, both his contemporaries and successors recognised in Willem van de Velde the greater artist. His father was a celebrated draughtsman of ships in the service of the States General of Holland, and, later on, of Charles II. and James II. of England. He was famous for the entire indifference to danger which he showed in studying naval combats; for he would join the fleet whenever it was about to go into combat, so that he might have the opportunity of studying the movements and manœuvres

of the ships. A captain of a galliot had orders to take him in his ship to a place of vantage whence he could better watch the engagement. Admiral Opdam said that he could not sufficiently admiral the courage of Van de Velde in braving death for love of his art. Van de Velde had dined on board the vessel of this famous sailor on the very day when the latter sank with his ship by the negligence of those who were in command of the Saint-Barbe.

Willem van de Velde, the son, was sent to the studio of the marine painter Simon de Vlieger during the time that his father was in the service of Charles II. of England. If we judge by his pupil, De Vlieger must have been a painter of considerable merit. When young Willem had progressed so far that he surpassed his father, the latter called him to London, where he carried out some notable paintings. He possessed a transparent and agreeable method of working, and his ships were cunningly designed and wonderfully painted. He treated skies with a matchless lightness of touch, which gives them in his work an altogether exceptional charm, and his figures are so admirably put in that they seem to live and move.

This celebrated painter, who has seldom had an

11 . van de Velde, the sounger

FOUR DAYS BAITLE BETWEEN THE DUTCH AND ENGLISH (Amsterdam)

equal, worked zealously up to his old age, and amassed a considerable fortune, which was dissipated in a short time after his death by his widow, who married a second time. This foolish old woman, who was as thin as a weasel and who had not a tooth in her head, fell in love, soon after Willem's death, with an Irish vagabond as poor and needy as Job in his misery, but less patient. Accordingly she married this individual, who treated her as old women deserve who marry young men. In other words, the Irishman owned horses and mistresses, and in a little while he had scattered to the winds all the crowns amassed by so many years of indefatigable work on the part of the industrious Willem van de Velde.

Paul Potter, the celebrated cattle-painter, was a nobleman by birth, being a scion of the ancient house of the lords of Egmont, and he first saw the light in the year 1625. His grandfather, Pieter Simonsz Potter, had married the daughter of Heere Paulus Bertius, State Counsellor of Enkhuyzen, by which wife he had a son named Pieter Potter, who followed the art of painting; and this Pieter Potter married and had a daughter and two sons, one of them being the famous Paulus Potter.

Paulus was taught the rudiments of the art by his father, who was no great artist, but he owed his advancement to his own genius and his indefatigable application to work. He left his native town to go and seek his fortune at the Hague.

Now in his neighbourhood in this town lived a certain Balkenede, an architect and master carpenter, who had a beautiful daughter, with whom Potter soon fell in love and whose hand he sought in marriage. But unfortunately the father had small regard for a man who only painted oxen and cows and sheep, and not ladies and gentlemen, and he refused to give him his daughter, saying that an animal painter was too mean a person for the daughter of an architect. But as the painter would not accept so curt a refusal, but persistently proffered his suit, Balkenede went to consult his friend Meester Klaas Dircksz. And as he and a number of other wellto-do persons one and all counselled him to accept the animal painter as his son-in-law, saying that they themselves would be honoured by such a union, Potter finally became the husband of Juffrouw Adriana Balkenede. The architect, his father-in-law, was a kind man at heart and well esteemed by the chief persons in Gravenshage, so that he had the opportunity, of which he took practical advantage, of recommending Potter himself to both the nobles and the burgesses, whereby the painter sprang rapidly into fame and made a great name in a very few years. He was also a man who knew how to unite courtesy with his talents—a not very common quality among artists—and thus he received visits from Maurice, Prince of Orange, and the foremost courtiers and ambassadors, who came to watch him at work and make his acquaintance.

At one time he painted a large painting of a cow in a field for the Princess Douariere Emilia, Countess van Zolms, which was intended to hang over the chimney-piece in the old castle. But a courtier, who was a friend of the Countess, saying that a painting of an old cow was too vulgar a sight for the eyes of a princess, caused the picture to be refused, and the painter had to keep it. The connoisseur Heere Jakob van Hoek eventually bought the painting from Van Biesum for the sum of two thousand guldens, and placed it in his picture gallery next to a work by Douw.

Paul Potter was a most industrious artist, who never went out for a walk in the outskirts of Amsterdam but he took with him in his pocket a sketch-book and a drawing-pen, with which he

would make notes of all the painting motives he saw, such as shrubs, trees, and ground. He spent the winter evenings in etching his copper-plates, which were eagerly sought for during his life and still are to this day. Indeed, it was this long and continuous application to work which hastened his death, bringing on a disease of the lungs which finally sent him to the grave. He died in his twenty-ninth year, and lies buried in Amsterdam. He left behind him pictures instead of children, the former having, it may be truly said, the privilege of enduring longer than the latter.

Wouvermans, the renowned painter of battle scenes and landscapes, was born at Haarlem in the year 1620. His father was a painter of historical subjects, and it was from him that Wouvermans learned the rudiments of drawing and painting; but he afterwards became his own master, succeeding through nothing less than the greatest diligence. It is a difficult thing, when one has seen so many hundreds of pictures by him, to realise how they can all have come from the hand of one man, so greatly do they vary in subject and composition; for there are hunting scenes, battles, pillages, attacks by brigands, horse fairs, and so on, and he has painted the same



THE YOUNG BULL (The Hague)

subject over a hundred times, and each time in a different way, both as regards composition and colour. One of his compositions never resembles another in any respect. The foregrounds, trees, skies-in a word, everything differs from one picture to the other, and none the less all are beautiful and magnificently painted. In addition to this he treated his subject with so much spirit and so naturally, that one could grasp at the first glance the meaning of the picture. He also possessed so great a power of rendering the passions that one would have thought that he was a daily witness of the scenes which he represented. Thus, for instance, in the pictures where he represents pillages by armed bands, he expresses the murderous fury of the soldiers and the mortal terror of the astonished peasants with such force and truth that the mind of the spectator, moved by the sufferings of these unhappy beings, represented in so natural a way, takes their part as though he were himself a participant in the tragic business. The man who did all this must indeed have possessed an exceptional genius, whose like is not to be found to-day; and he certainly was capable of putting more ideas on canvas than that English signpainter of whom we have heard, who always advised his customers to have a white English

rose painted on their sign-boards, because that was the only thing he had ever learnt to paint. One painting by Wouvermans would be sufficient to disprove the contention of poets and dramatists that the soul is moved more through the ear than through the eye.

Wouvermans gave proof of his fine judgment in the disposition of his works and in the art with which he varied and opposed his lights against his shades, and vice versa, so that each should serve to add value to the other. And this he did not do by distributing them here and there in square masses like mosaic work, but by disposing them largely in such a way as to draw and fix the eye upon the principal object. His brush was mellow and charming, as though the point of it had been warmed; and, in a word, his work possessed something which we cannot describe, but which I have never seen in any other painter of the same kind.

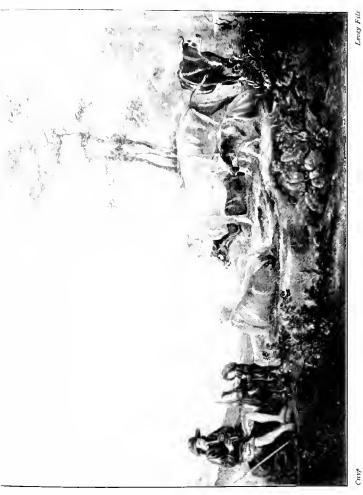
A curious story attaches to Wouvermans, by which certain folk explain the comparative rarity of his works nowadays, a circumstance which has been a great puzzle to all art-lovers, since it is known that he executed such a great number of pictures during his life.

The story goes that as he lay on his death-bed

he ordered all his drawings and sketches to be burned, things which even during his lifetime had been eagerly sought after by collectors. And several explanations are given for this act of his. Some say that the painter left a son whom he feared might fall into lazy habits if he let him become the master of his beautiful sketches; but this explanation seems to us so improbable that we cannot consider it for a moment. Others better informed say that he had had a quarrel with his brother, P. Wouvermans, and that he naturally grudged him the fruit of his hard labour and talent, but that explanation is as lame as the other. A third party says that these were no drawings of his own that he burned, and they tell the following story.

When the sun of Wouvermans' fame began to rise, the moon of Van Laar, nicknamed Bamboots or Bamboccio, began to wane; and this not on account of the inferiority of the art of the latter painter, but, as it seems to me, because of the greater worldly success of the former artist. The manner of Van Laar was perhaps a trifle melancholy, while that of Wouvermans possessed something very gay and seductive, although at that early date the art of the latter could not bear comparison in any respect with that of Van Laar.

In a word, Van Laar was more Italian, Wouvermans more Dutch in character. But the chief misfortune of Bamboots lay in the fact that he demanded a considerable price for his pictures, and that he had not many friends to help him to withstand the waves of adversity; and also that he bore no good-will towards that species of dealer whom the people of Antwerp have christened by the name of "belly-thieves," and who treated him in the same manner as he treated them. Van Laar conducted himself in these troubles like a true artist, cursing and swearing and stamping his foot without bringing a penny more into his pocket. One day, however, an injury was done him by one of these dealers, of the name of Jan de Wet, which he was unable to swallow. dealer had made him an offer of two hundred florins for one of his pictures, which Van Laar promptly refused. De Wet set to work to rack his brains for a way of paying the artist out for this (for picture merchants, like Italians, are implacable on the score of vengeance), and in order to have his revenge he resolved to make use of Wouvermans, who was at that time just coming into notice. He therefore commissioned from him a painting in a similar manner to the one which Van Laar had refused to sell.



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As soon as the picture of Wouvermans was completed, De Wet brought to the artist's house all the amateurs of the town whom he could collect, and commenced to praise and exalt the picture of Wouvermans above that of Van Laar, for which purpose, not being possessed of much eloquence, he contented himself with repeating over and over again the words: "Gentlemen, behold this beautiful painting! What need is there for us to have recourse to the Roman painters, when such art as this is to be found in our own land?" In fact, De Wet played his part in such a masterly way that Van Laar became a ruined man, and died soon after of a broken heart.

No sooner had the vengeful dealer heard that Bamboots had departed this life than he hurried off to the mortuary, where for a modest sum he became the possessor of all his sketches and designs as well as his engravings, which he sold forthwith toWouvermans, who knew very well how to profit by these artistic treasures. It is surely a significant fact that there are so many Italian subjects among the pictures of Wouvermans, although he had never himself been in that country, while Bamboots had spent a number of years there. And there is little doubt that these sketches

of Van Laar's were the ones which he ordered to be destroyed before his death, in order that no one should know after he was dead of the robbery which he had committed upon the poor Bamboots.

APPENDIX I

THE DISCOVERY OF OIL-PAINTING

The often-discussed question—as to whether Hubert and Jan van Eyck were the discoverers of the modern method of painting in oils, is of comparatively small importance. Whether or no they were the very first to use it in the modern sense, it is to them, and to the school of which they were the founders, that we owe its development and gradual adoption throughout Europe. From Jan van Eyck, as we know, Antonello da Messina obtained the "secret" which he bore with him to Venice—the place destined, in its turn, to be the home of the greatest of all the masters of oil-painting, Titian.

The practice of using oil, and even linseed and nut oil—the mediums in use to-day in painting pictures, is well known to be of great antiquity. It was familiar to the painters of the Augustan age (who had no doubt received it in their turn from the Greeks), and is

mentioned by Vitruvius and Pliny, more particularly when mixed with wax, as a means of protecting such colours as vermilion from blackening when exposed to the air. But it would be too much to suppose that this use of oil by the Roman painters bore the smallest resemblance to what we now understand by an oilpainting. With them it was certainly quite subordinate to the wax which was the foundation of their technique. By the aid of a lamp or portable stove, the oil, mixed with the melted wax, was spread over the finished painting as a kind of protecting varnish. It was probably not until much later, in the Christian era, that the experiment was first made of mixing the colours with oil alone. Treatises on painting, written by monks in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, more than once mention it in this way, and there can be no doubt of its frequent employment, both at that time and later, for such decorative purposes as the colouring of statues, whether in or out of doors, and also of architecture. At Ely, Canterbury, and Westminster, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it was largely used; in 1356 the Duke of Normandy ordered the decoration of his castle to be done with "fine couleurs à huile." But, in these early times, no means

seem to have been known of overcoming the extreme slowness of the oil in drying, and hence its extensive use in the painting of pictures would have been a most tedious business. That it was so used is, however, proved by an analysis of numerous early works, including some by Melchior Broederlain—a Flemish predecessor of the Van Eycks—in the museum at Dijon. The flesh parts are pale in tint and evidently done in tempera, but the richly-coloured draperies have been painted with oil-medium. But at this time there is little evidence of the use of oil in Italy, and everything goes to show that the development of the art took place in Northern Europe. It may be that in Italy, where large monumental painting was more extensively practised, there was less curiosity in regard to a medium remarkable chiefly for its effects of minute precision and brilliancy, qualities obviously out of place in mural decoration. The technique of oil would more naturally be explored in those countries where, owing to reasons of climate, large mural paintings in fresco were almost impracticable, and the demand was in consequence chiefly for small "easel pictures," closely resembling in minuteness and delicacy the work of the missal-painters. The dissatisfaction of

the Italian painters with the older methods, of which Vasari makes so much, is probably greatly exaggerated. At Florence, at any rate, oilpainting was not so quick to gain ground as his words might lead us to suppose. May not the words of Michael Angelo, uttered at a time when oil-painting was almost universally practised, have voiced the feelings of many of his contemporaries and predecessors. Oil-painting, he said to Sebastiano del Piombo-the Venetian who had hoped that his "Last Judgment" would be carried out in that medium—was "a practice fit only for women and lazy persons." Vasari says that Baldovinetti, Pesellino, and many others of the Italian painters had tried to improve upon the older tempera method, but without success; "and even if they had discovered the thing they sought, they had no means of rendering figures on panel durable like wall-paintings, or of washing them without removing the colour, or of making them capable of withstanding rough handling. Many artists, meeting together, had frequently discussed these things, but without result."

Vasari's reference to the "discovery" of Jan van Eyck probably relates to some method of rendering oil siccative, or quick-drying. For Vasari cannot have been wholly ignorant of the antiquity of oil as a painting medium, and he would naturally not have given so much importance to Jan's discovery—more especially as the latter was not a fellow-countryman—had it not represented a sufficiently radical change from the methods and knowledge of his predecessors.

But there was, whatever the truth on this point, another feature in the discovery of Jan van Eyck which had reference to the darkness of hue of linseed oil in its natural state. Even when purified and refined to the utmost, this oil retains its unfortunate capacity for presently darkening and blackening the pigments with which it is mixed. Jan must, therefore, have found some means of bleaching it. A contemporary MS., written in Germany, gives directions for boiling the oil with pumice-stone and calcined bone, after which it is to be skimmed. White copperas being added to the oil and the mixture then left for some days in the sun, it would be found quick-drying, clear and bright.

Vasari says that Jan's discovery "did away with the necessity for painters of drying their pictures in the sun,"—a very curious statement, since it is now established, almost beyond doubt, that ancient paintings, executed throughout in

pure oil, owe much of their marvellous preservation to this very practice of drying in the sun. By this means the oil, that is to say the blackening and destroying principle, is gradually eliminated. We have clear evidence that this was the practice of Titian in the story which relates how one of his portraits, having been placed to dry in the sun on the terrace of a house, was seen by the people below, who crowded round, mistaking the painting for its original. And Rubens, writing to Juste Sustermans, in Florence, regarding one of his pictures in that city which had been kept rolled up, says that some of the whites may have deteriorated, and that, consequently, it will be necessary to expose the painting for some time to the full heat of the sun, the only cure for this "heart disease."

If, then, Jan's discovery "did away with the necessity for painters of exposing their works to the sun," this probably refers only to those earlier paintings in which the ground, or dead-painting, was of tempera, and the transparent glazes only of oil or oil-varnish. Indeed, a large amount of supposed oil-painting of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is now known to have been painted in this way—with a foundation of the cool-hued tempera, worked over afterwards with transparent

or semi-transparent films of oil. The tempera, with its tendency to coldness of colour, would oppose the gradually mellowing tendency of the oil, for which reason paintings thus executed have escaped the darkening observable in so many later pictures where oil alone is used throughout.

By the time of Rubens and Vandyck, however, the handling is altogether in oil. It would, therefore, seem natural to call them the real fathers of modern oil-painting, were it not that oil-painting, as practised in our time, while employing the same materials, differs so radically in method from all that their work or their traditions teach us. If these masters entirely abandoned the use of tempera, even for the dead under-painting, they did not therefore ignore the necessity for delicate finishing with transparent colour: they knew too well the possibilities and limitations of their medium to suppose that flesh could be painted in any other way. Modern oil-painting, with its much-vaunted directness and simplicity, as of a house-painter, and its complete indifference to all questions of technique, is no more able to rival the delicacy or richness of earlier work than, when proved by the years, will it be found their equal in withstanding the

tests of time. Those oil-painters who seek permanence as well as delicacy and richness in their work must still be content to be the pupils in method of Jan van Eyck, and of the technique which he inaugurated.

APPENDIX II

The authorities cited opposite each chapter are those from whom the major part of its contents are drawn

chap. I.	Hubert and Janvan Eyck	Van Mander,¹ Michiels, Crowe and Cavalcaselle
II.	Hugo van der Goes	Van Mander, Michiels
III.	Rogier van der Weyden	Van Mander, Michiels
IV.	Hans Memling	Michiels
v.	Lucas van Leyden	Van Mander
VI.	Quentin Matsys	Van Mander, Michiels
VII.	Peasant Brueghel	Campo Weyerman, Michiels
VIII.	Franz Floris	Van Mander, Michiels
IX.	Barthelemy Sprangher .	Van Mander
X.	Hendrick Goltzius	Van Mander
XI.	Peter Paul Rubens	Campo Weyerman, Michiels; "Rubens à Mantone," by A. Baschet; "Private Papers relating to P.P.R.," by Noel Saintsbury
XII.	Anton Vandyck	Campo Weyerman, Michiels
XIII.	Jakob Jordaens	Michiels
	•	Houbraken, Michel, Hofstede de Groote
XV.	Teniers the Younger and	
	Adrian Brouwer	Campo Weyerman, Michiels

¹ Le Livre des Peintres de Karel van Mander, translated with notes by Henri Hymans,

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XVI. Franz Hals XVII. The Terborch Family .	Campo Weyerman, "La famille de Ter Borch," by Andre Michel
XVIII. Ludolf Bakhuizen Van de Velde Paul Potter Wouvermans	Campo Weyerman

THE END

